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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

THE BUBBLE COULD BURST

President Reagan says he will reappoint Paul Volcker as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board because he is a "competent inflation fighter." That shows exactly where Reagan's economic priorities lie. Under Volcker's heavy hand, the Fed has bought good numbers in the inflation field while paying enormous costs in unemployment, stagnant investment, meager exports and prohibitive interest rates. But Reaganomic ritual makes inflation the focus of evil, and Volcker's successful exorcism—however temporary—keeps him at the head of the hierarchy.

The deflation-led recovery now under way is good for Reagan's re-election campaign, and it is even better for the profit picture of the corporate class that he represents. But the recovery also contains one big dirty secret that the Administration would rather hide: capital investment, the motive force of the economy, is still dead as a doornail.

Reaganomics was supposed to get capital moving again into productive investment—through tax cuts for the investor bracket, expanding profits, free market play and restrictions on labor. Those means have all been tested, but the end is out of sight. In this third Reaganometric year, capital spending is expected to fall more than 3 percent—only slightly less than last year's staggering 5.5 percent drop.

What those depressing figures mean is that the recovery is still a bubble of optimism, a dream of consumption, a fantasy of raging bull markets. It has no grounding in the serious commitment of capital to the industrial structure of the nation. There is yet no Reagan remedy—in terms both short and long—for the awesome unemployment built into the system that Volcker oversees. Chronic joblessness is a dangerous contradiction to Volcker's policies, and it will one day make the recovery bubble burst.

THE BOMB CULTURE
E.L. Doctorow

BATTLE FOR KHOMEINI'S EAR
Dilip Hiro

CALIFORNIA FARM WORKERS
Greg Critser

THE NEW ECONOMICS
John McDermott

BING CROSBY'S SECRET DIARIES
Charles S. Kaufman

THE 'BULGARIAN CONNECTION'

THE PRESS, THE K.G.B. AND THE POPE

FRANK BRODHEAD AND EDWARD S. HERMAN

The papal reign of John Paul II has coincided with the onset of a new cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union. Because of the entrance of the Pope and, more generally, the Roman Catholic Church into arenas that are central in this conflict—Poland, the arms race, liberation struggles in Central America—his papacy has become inextricably linked with heightening East-West tension.

Another feature of the renewed conflict is the Reagan Administration's claim that machinations of the Soviet Union and its allies are behind each disturbance of the status quo. "Terrorism" is the catchword for all acts of political violence repugnant to the West, behind which we are likely to find the hand of the K.G.B. This propaganda campaign has been effective. It is widely accepted in the "free world" that the Russians and their "proxies" are the root of much of the world's turmoil.

One of the most dramatic contemporary acts of political violence was the attempted assassination of the Pope by a young Turk in 1981. Initially interpreted by the Western media as the work of a right-wing fanatic, the assassination attempt is now seen as having been directed from the Kremlin and implemented through a "Bulgarian Connection." In their new book, *Pontiff*, Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan-Witts center their story around the shooting in St. Peter's Square. Nowhere do they question the validity of the K.G.B. root of the plot.

We believe that the Bulgarian Connection theory, as delineated in *Pontiff* and in the mass

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LETTERS.

THE ROSENBERGS' DEFENDERS

New York City

In his dramatic "Reflections on the Rosenbergs" [*The Nation*, June 11], Arthur Kinoy deplores that the legal defense of the Rosenbergs was not sufficiently assisted by other lawyers and that a mass movement in support of the Rosenbergs failed to develop.

Kinoy should have mentioned that Irwin Edelman, a left activist from Los Angeles, published a pamphlet in December 1952 in which he called attention to certain errors by the Rosenbergs' lawyers at the trial and, particularly, to Judge Irving Kaufman's sealing from public view a document that allegedly described a cross section of the atomic bomb. Even publications that were ostensibly fighting for the Rosenbergs refused to advertise the pamphlet.

However, Edelman's analysis aroused the attention of two lawyers, the late Daniel Marshall of Los Angeles and Fyke Farmer of Nashville, who then began to work on the case. Marshall and Farmer were not recognized by the Rosenbergs' lawyers, nor were their arguments accepted; nevertheless, they decided, a few days before the date fixed for the executions, to go to court themselves on behalf of Edelman, the "next friend" of the Rosenbergs. They obtained a hearing before Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who granted a stay of execution on the basis of one of the arguments presented by Farmer, and not by the official Rosenberg defense team (whose arguments Douglas had also heard). Like Kinoy and his friends, these two lawyers remained active on behalf of the Rosenbergs until a few hours before the executions. *Otto Nathan*

SARTAWI AND THE P.L.O.

Indianapolis

Issam Sartawi, whom *The Nation* so rightly chose to eulogize in the June 18 issue ["Bring the P.L.O. Into the Process"], was a man of vision and courage—a courage all the more outstanding when one remembers that many of his close associates had been murdered in 1978 and that Sartawi himself lived the last few years of his life under a "death sentence" pronounced and ultimately carried out by renegade P.L.O. member Abu Nidal.

Yet Sartawi probably misjudged the extent to which the Palestine National Council has ever been prepared to embrace the two-state solution as the basis for an *enduring* settlement. The resolutions issued by the council at its February meeting in Algiers, for instance, make sober reading for those who share Sartawi's commitment to peace and realism. The resolutions habitually refer to the "Zionist-imperialist enemy" and call for "an intensification of the armed struggle against the Zionists." At the same conference, Yasir Arafat refused to allow Sartawi to speak in favor of mutual recognition and an independent Palestinian state in the occupied territories.

Despite the Arab League's Fez proposal, with its highly ambiguous acceptance of Israeli sovereignty, despite the Brezhnev Plan, with its less ambiguous language, and despite a series of statements since 1974 by various members of the P.N.C., the Palestinian leadership continues to substitute bombast, dishonesty and cowardice for responsibility, political maturity and, above all, courage. Certainly Begin and Sharon have done everything in their power to scuttle any P.L.O. peace initiatives; this is a tragedy but it is not an excuse.

In salutary contrast to the P.L.O.'s sordid record of double talk and pious posturing is the burgeoning Israeli peace camp, most notably the extraparliamentary movement called Peace Now, which attracted 150,000 people to a recent rally in Tel Aviv. It has come out forthrightly for recognizing Palestinian national aspirations (without either spelling out or ruling out the exact nature of any settlement) and for negotiations with any Palestinian leadership willing to eschew the use of violence. Proclaiming "Peace is Greater than Greater Israel," Peace Now positively refutes both the ideology and the policies of the Likud government and its ultranationalist coalition partners. Other vocal elements in the peace camp have gone further, calling for the creation of a Palestinian sovereign state on the basis of mutual recognition.

Uri Avneri, currently with the newly formed Sheli Alternative Group, claims that the revolt against Arafat within the P.L.O. proves that the Palestinian leader is serious about reaching a political settlement with Israel. Perhaps, but this backhanded sort of proof is exactly what the Middle East can do without. Issam Sartawi will be simply one more good man sacrificed on the altar of extremism if his murder doesn't prompt Al Fatah to declare—in language clear to the Israeli peace camp—its willingness to live peacefully alongside "the Zionist entity." Arafat must learn something about courage from the example of his late friend and also from Emil Grunzweig, the Peace Now demonstrator killed by a grenade in February.

Failing that, there is always Megiddo, the 6,000-year-old ruin in Israel's Jezreel Valley, which guards an ancient highway through the Galilee. Beneath the partially excavated tell are the ruins of twenty-two civilizations, all of which attempted to insure their survival by the sword. In Revelations, Mount Megiddo is named as the site of the struggle between Light and Darkness, the Armageddon. I suggest that we deposit the rejectionists of both sides in Megiddo and allow them to settle their differences in any way they see fit. Unlike the biblical Armageddon, this one will produce no winner and no martyrs worthy of the name. *Harold Karabell*

A HOUSING BILL OF RIGHTS

New York City

Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf left out an important item in their "Economic Bill of Rights": the right to decent, affordable housing ["Industrial Policy," *The Nation*, June 4]. We need comprehensive rent control; zoning laws that reflect the needs of the community; fair and equitable property taxes. We need to enforce laws against discrimination and harassment. We need public control of the housing market. *Helen Daniels*

CLARIFICATION

Issue before last we reported, "Unfortunately, the [C.I.A.] has convinced the American Civil Liberties Union to agree to exempt 'operational files' from the Freedom of Information Act" [editorial, "The Plot Thickens," June 18]. In fact, the A.C.L.U. informs us, it has not agreed to anything. It does, however, consider the proposed amendment to the F.O.I.A. a step forward because, in its judgment, the amendment would maintain the status quo in terms of access to covert operations documents while simultaneously speeding up the disclosure process (the C.I.A. would no longer have to search files that, in practice, have yielded no releasable documents).

THE THOMPSON-SOLOMON LETTERS

Reprints of the exchange between E.P. Thompson and Norman Solomon, in its entirety, are available. The article by Thompson that started it all ("END and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive,'" *The Nation*, February 26) will be included. The debate ventilates important issues, tactical and philosophical, confronting the antiwar movements in this country and in Europe.

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EDITORIALS.

Unwise Solomon

Earlier this year the Reagan Administration had a simple message for young men who refused to register for the draft: no registration, no money. Having failed to intimidate nonregistrants by prosecuting a handful of resisters, the government turned to economic blackmail. But it now appears that the Administration will have to look for a new method of persuasion. On June 16, a Federal District Court judge in St. Paul struck down as unconstitutional an amendment to last year's Defense Department Appropriations Act which denied Federal educational aid to all eligible students who refuse to register.

Declaring that the amendment (called the Solomon Amendment after its sponsor, Republican Representative Gerald Solomon of New York) "inflicts punishment . . . without the protection of a judicial trial" and violates the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination, Judge Donald D. Alsop imposed a permanent nationwide injunction on enforcement of the measure. Judge Alsop also ordered the Department of Education to notify every college that registration is no longer a requirement for Federal financial aid; that each school must post notices to that effect; and that all references to registration as a requirement for

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aid must be removed from financial aid forms. All that must be completed by June 30. The Department of Education, however, has not rushed to comply with the order and has sought a stay, pending an appeal to the Supreme Court.

For now, the future of the Solomon strategy is not bright. That a judge with a conservative reputation so handily dismissed the legality of the measure does not bode well for the Reagan Administration's case in the Supreme Court. What's more, Judge Alsop's decision will encourage attorneys who are preparing to attack another amendment, "Solomon II," which was attached unnoticed to last year's Job Training Partnership Act and denies nonregistrants access to its benefits.

Estimates of the number of nonregistrants range from the official figure of 400,000 upward to 1 million, and 25 percent of those who have registered, according to a General Accounting Office study, have not reported their current addresses. With such lackluster results and no viable method of enforcement, the Reagan Administration will be forced to abandon the program, allow registration to hobble along or, perhaps,draft another response.

Afghanistan Now

Another round of negotiations aimed at ending the fighting in Afghanistan began on June 16 in Geneva under U.N. auspices, with the usual high hopes and cautious confidence voiced by the press and the participants. But there is little evidence, reports Fred Halliday, to suggest that a solution to the complicated political and military conflict is at hand, and predictions of a quick end to the hostilities, now in their fourth year, must be regarded with skepticism.

The U.N. negotiator, Under Secretary General Diego Cordovez, is meeting with representatives from Pakistan and the Soviet-backed Afghan government. The Russians, of course, drove across the border in December 1979; they now have some 105,000 troops in that country (although they admit to half that number). Pakistan supplies the rebel tribesmen with arms and sanctuary; moreover, Pakistan now houses about 3 million refugees—nearly one fifth of Afghanistan's 1979 population. The U.N. is also supposed to keep in touch diplomatically with the Afghan rebel leadership and with Iran, Afghanistan's wary neighbor—although neither is actually taking part in the talks.

There are good reasons for Pakistan and the Soviet Union to find a way out of the war. Pakistan's involvement is not only expensive; it is dangerous. Old territorial disputes with Afghanistan could erupt into open conflict if the Pakistanis do not defuse the surrounding tensions, and the refugees represent a serious internal threat to the narrow-based regime of Pakistan's strongman, Gen. Zia ul-Haq.

The Russians are not exactly bogged down Vietnam-style in Afghanistan, but the cost of their intervention is high in casualties (about 3,000 killed so far) and in economic and military aid (about $2 million a day). Politically and diplomatically, the war is a nightmare for the Russians: it hinders their always problematic relations with other Moslem governments and populations, and it is a major sticking point in East-West relations.

What makes achieving an agreement difficult is the de facto veto power held by the only foreign country deeply interested in the hostilities but not represented in Geneva: the United States. Last fall, President Reagan significantly increased U.S. direct aid to the guerrillas, and made overt the military support that had previously been covert. The United States (along with its Egyptian and Saudi Arabian clients) also helps finance Pakistan's part in the conflict. Finally, the United States has given a $3.2 billion, six-year aid package to the Pakistanis, and, in return, demands that General Zia refrain from making a separate peace with the Russians.

President Reagan is publicly committed to a negotiated settlement of the war (in line with the U.N. initiative), but Administration officials hint that they are interested in maintaining hostilities, so as to "up the costs" for the Russians and keep the region unstable. As long as that desire is active, a settlement is unlikely.

Halliday, who has written extensively on Afghanistan for *The Nation*, reports that the Soviet Union has been making some headway in its military operations. Fighting continues in many parts of Afghanistan, but with Soviet support the Communist government has been able to consolidate its political and military positions. Asian diplomats in Kabul suggest that the level of military opposition has declined noticeably in the past year and that despite attacks on urban targets, the guerrillas are facing a more difficult situation than at the war's beginning.

The Afghan Army now has approximately 120,000 men, twice the number it had in 1978, when the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (P.D.P.A.) overthrew the old feudal monarchy. Soldiers' pay has been increased up to ten times its old base, and their families get free medical care. About half the army is believed willing to fight—not a bad percentage given the history of local military morale.

The Soviet strategy has been, first, to build up a strong state structure and, then, to draw support away from the rebels. The former policy has had some success: many thousands of young Afghans have been trained in the Soviet Union, and P.D.P.A. membership has risen from 10,000 at the time of the Soviet invasion to over 70,000 now.

The policy of winning over the population has been less successful, but reports from several parts of the country suggest that, with no quick guerrilla victory in sight, a certain war-weariness has set in. The government offers social and economic incentives to the population and also the prospect of some security. The feuds between guerrilla groups, as well as exactions of the fighters from the populace, have helped to dampen the initial enthusiasm for their cause.

Under Soviet pressure, the P.D.P.A. has gone slowly with its social reforms. The old land-expropriation policy has to some extent been reversed, and now land given to peasants is typically on previously unproductive terrain that has been reclaimed. Yet the party has encountered a new problem, namely, increased corruption within its own ranks, as offi-

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cials take land for themselves and their families, or extort bribes from peasants in exchange for the right to acquire land.

The consensus in Afghanistan and Pakistan is that the P.D.P.A. regime is not removable, and the U.N. discussions are a response to that understanding. The negotiations cover four areas: the repatriation of the refugees; the creation of an atmosphere that would facilitate their safe return; guarantees of nonintervention between Pakistan and Afghanistan; and the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Afghanistan.

In return for a timetable for the departure of Soviet combat troops, Pakistan has been asked to recognize the P.D.P.A. regime in Kabul. The Russians have asked for a year and a half in which to leave; Pakistan wants a quick withdrawal.

Since assuming leadership in the Soviet Union last November, Yuri Andropov has said he wants a solution to the Afghanistan problem. But it is clear that he will not abandon the P.D.P.A. The Russians sent troops into Afghanistan to insure that a friendly government was not overthrown; unconditional withdrawal now would be unthinkable.

At the same time, Pakistan is not able to resist U.S. demands in order to give the Russians an easy way out. At present the stalemate is not complete—but no clear path to peace is in sight.

Chilean Rumbles

El Teniente, Chile

It wasn't ten days that shook the world, but it was a tremor that raced forty miles up the spine of the Andes, to Chile's La Moneda presidential palace, and gave its ten-year lessee a fright. On June 16, more than 4,000 workers here at the world's largest shaft copper mine joined with those of two other state-owned mines to present Gen. Augusto Pinochet with both a warning and a reminder. In 1973, in the run-up to the September 11 coup that overthrew the government of Marxist President Salvador Allende, El Teniente's miners had also walked off their jobs, then marched on Santiago and contributed to the climate of crisis that sent the leftist government tumbling.

This time, El Teniente's miners announced an indefinite strike to protest the jailing of their 29-year-old union president, Rodolfo Seguel, compared here to Poland's Lech Walesa. Seguel was arrested, along with nearly a score of other union chiefs, after a second highly successful National Day of Protest, on June 15, united hundreds of thousands of Chileans in a massive call for democracy.

"If we lose here we will lose the unions' struggle," Eugenio Lopez, president of El Teniente's strike committee, told more than 1,000 cheering workers who had jammed into a local union hall for an emotional weekend rally. "This isn't just our fight here. This is a struggle for all Chile's workers, for democracy, the right to work, for freedom of thought at the universities."

No one said it would be easy. Most of the workers who stood up to address their *compañeros* spoke of their fear, of tanks rolling up to ring the mines (as they had in the past), of hordes of Chile's unemployed lining up to take their jobs, of being thrown into the street already cluttered with half a million Chileans earning less than $30 a month on government make-work projects. There would be no march on the capital, one burly young striker fresh from military service told me, because "they wouldn't hesitate to mow us down."

Despite continuing counsel to "go slow" from Chile's civilian political leadership, many of the striking miners are determined to press ahead with their struggle. As the strike paralyzed operations here and at the El Salvador and Andina mines—which contribute nearly 50 percent of the raw material to Chile's vital copper industry—worker confidence appeared to grow. Copper accounts for more than 40 percent of Chile's export earnings, and the government is worried that serious disruption could cripple Chile's already precarious credit rating. The regime is trying to stave off further belt tightening by getting a deferment of interest and principal payments on its $3.4 billion foreign debt—Chile has one of the developing world's highest per capita debt loads—as well as requesting $1.3 billion in new loans from some 600 creditor banks.

The 24,000-member Copper Workers Confederation appears to be spearheading a change in Chilean political and trade union activity. The country's vital transport unions have promised to join in a national strike, and a number of politicians are beginning to support the idea. Unlike times past, when the unions doggedly followed the lead of the political parties, the workers appear to be stealing a march. Chile's center-left Christian Democrats still face a leadership vacuum, eighteen months after the death of former President Eduardo Frei. Allende's Socialists, who perhaps suffered more than any other group in the fierce post-1973 repression, are split into nearly a dozen factions. The well-organized Communist Party, whose influence appears to have grown during its years underground, is forced to play a discreet junior role, its pro-Soviet past an effective foil for Pinochet in his struggle to keep the armed forces loyal.

The army is the linchpin to the success of any reasonably smooth transition to civilian rule. It is known as "the last Prussian Army in the world," and Pinochet is its Commander in Chief. It still presents a solid institutional face—in contrast to the palpable discontent in the officer ranks of the air force and the navy.

Meanwhile, worker opposition to Pinochet is becoming more resolute. Juan Jara, chief of the taxi union, Adolfo Quinteros, head of the independent truckers, and Eduardo Rios, president of the Democratic Workers Union—once all tenacious opponents of Allende—are now calling for a national strike "to restore democracy." As one Western diplomat told me, "There's a certain sense of *déjà vu* in all this, and for that reason Pinochet has to be taking what is going on in the mines very seriously."

MARTIN ANDERSEN

Martin Andersen, a writer living in Buenos Aires, frequently contributes to Newsweek, The Washington Post *and the* Toronto Globe and Mail.

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ARTICLES.

THE BOMB CULTURE

It's a Cold War World Out There, Class of '83

E.L. DOCTOROW

While we can't claim to have heard all the oratory during the recent commencement season, we suspect the address E.L. Doctorow delivered to Sarah Lawrence graduates on May 27 offered one of the clearest and wisest assessments of the world the Class of 1983 is about to enter. —The Editors

My dear graduating seniors: As Sarah Lawrence students you've avoided a lot of the traditional collegiate things, but you cannot avoid the commencement address. I represent your faculty's last shot at you, their last chance to tell you what they meant—before you slip out of their grasp forever.

Actually, they're stunned to see you here, shining and beautiful in your orderly rows a mere four years after you arrived as an unruly lot of half-educated roughnecks. So this day is a victory for them—that they have impressed on you, to the point of graduation, the model of their scholarship, their passion of intellect.

It's a victory too for your parents sitting off to the side there, weak and gasping, having had to pay for the whole thing. And, in truth, this day is a victory for you—a victory over sloth, procrastination, panic; over sleep, beer, dope, unrequited love, requited love and video games.

You may not be aware of what your education has consisted. You are aware of the courses of study, the papers, the reading. You are perhaps aware of academic disciplines as eternal, unchanging structures, public monuments to be climbed, walked around, photographed and *done*.

In fact, everything you have learned is a quite volatile composition made up by others just like you and therefore subject to your additions and corrections. What has been going on, really, is the life of your own mind as it has found the words, the ideas, the feelings to illuminate itself.

And if members of this faculty have seemed to you at various times to possess commanding intellectual presence, and I hope they have, the truth is they are itinerants, like you, having given their lives over to the strange species-grooming that is peculiarly Homo sapient—the modest, exhausted instruction in mind-survival of the generation that will succeed theirs.

And everything impractical they've given you—lines of poetry, phrases of music, philosophical propositions, ancient histories, myths, dance steps—is terribly practical; is, in fact, the only means we have to defend the borders of a magnanimous, humanist civilization.

Right now that civilization is under considerable attack. It has been under siege since 1945. You are not old enough to remember when there was no Bomb; I am barely old enough to remember, myself. But it is a most unprecedented condition for living. More and more we are showing signs of becoming unnerved by it.

As a writer, I can tell you of my personal experience in dealing with it. Inside the novelist's mind the nuclear weapon loses its political and military character entirely. What is unsettling about the writing of fiction now is that the story of any individual, and I don't care who it is, may not be able to sustain an implication for the collective fate. If that is so, it is a serious setback to people in my trade. There is a loss of consequence, and the very assumption that makes fiction possible, the moral immensity of the single soul, is under derisive question because of the Bomb.

I don't mean to imply that the problems of writers aren't the least of our problems, but only that in all sorts of ways, even as it sits there quietly in its silos, it is going off.

At least one segment of the American intellectual community has entirely lost its nerve. Its members are called, politely enough, neoconservatives, but their shrill judgments of contemporary literature are not so much conservatism as babbittry. They feel we writers aren't saying enough that is positive about America; in fact, that our raison d'être as artists is the undermining of the very system that supports us. I am not exaggerating. There is a strong presumption among them that our social critiques are not acts of love but acts of treason. I cannot believe that a previously estimable group of intellects would have fallen so sadly into ruin had the rigors of cold war ideology not broken them.

Our psychic deterioration goes beyond intellectual life. In the past ten years there has been a terrible loss of moral energy in art, in politics, in social expectations. Propelled by the ethic of pragmatic selfishness, we have rushed headlong into private life and shut the door. In the name of rugged individualism, we celebrate greed, gluttony and social coercion. And real individualism, by contrast, is a commitment to a very tough, embattled life. In this society there is an awful heavy weight of conforming behavior. The great electoral contests of our time are between the far right and the moderately right. We run for our revelation in ever-increasing numbers along the streets, on the highways. And in our fear we have elected the most foolish and insufficient President in our history, the fervent simplicities of whose mind are like a gigantic billboard advertising our ruin.

But he is ours, and we are his. Let me illustrate: last year, within days of the massacre of some 600 Palestinian refugees in West Beirut by Christian Phalangist allies of Israel, 350,000 Israelis, nearly one tenth of the country's popula-

E.L. Doctorow is the author of Loon Lake *and* The Book of Daniel *(both Random House), among other novels.*

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tion, rallied in Tel Aviv to demand the resignation of their Prime Minister and Minister of Defense. Under the aegis of the United States and with American money and weapons, equally hideous massacres of the Salvadoran peasantry by the government of that country have caused only sporadic protest in the United States. Nobody has even thought of demanding the resignation of our President.

Why is that?

I would suggest that it is because what this President is doing in El Salvador is consistent with what previous Presidents have done, since 1945, in Chile, Vietnam, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic and Iran. Three and a half decades of Bomb thought, of cold war, cannot have left the national mind undamaged; it is, after all, essentially corrupting to insist on carrying forward the ideals of democracy by denying its blessings to others. This is what Orwell in *1984* called the world of doublethink: "to know and not to know, to be conscious of complete truthfulness while telling carefully constructed lies, to hold simultaneously two opinions knowing them to be contradictory and believing in both of them . . ."

The Bomb has organized our perceptions into a new world. For thirty-five years we and the Russians have been linked in a Manichaean system of state thought that may not, finally, be held accountable to the moral civilization of mankind. And just as we have had our precedents for El Salvador, they have had their precedents for Afghanistan and Poland, in Ethiopia, Angola, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Each of the bomb-holding superstates has the demonic *other* to justify its espionage, its assassinations, its interventions and its invasions. They are totalitarian and we are democratic, they are a closed society and we are an open society, and we detest everything they stand for; but we and the Russians have actually created an unholy alliance, a gargantuan intimacy, in which by now our ideological differences are less important to the rest of the world than the fact that we think the same thoughts, mirror each other's responses, heft the same bombs and take turns committing crimes and deploring them, in some sort of alternating current of outrage and despair, outrage and despair which has with smoke and sulfur generated an ectoplasmic gel of objective reality along the lines of Orwell's tortured vision.

From the logic of Us or Them, a statist reality has been created with its own culture, its own ethos, just as with only two digits, a one and a zero, the vast but always binary operations of a computer can simulate the infinite possibilities of real human intelligence.

We've got to watch ourselves. We are in thrall to our own Bomb.

We've got to watch out for the little explosions of nerve and fear in the constrictions of public debate, in the lassitude of our private lives, in the rising levels of irrationality in our group relations, in the tendency of our elected governments to abridge our political liberties, in the pressure we feel not to dissent but to conform, to play it safe, to shut up.

Because the time may be approaching when we will have to choose between two coincident reality systems: the historical human reality of feeling, of thought, of multitudinous expression, of life and love and natural death; or the supra-human statist reality of rigid, ahistorical, censorious and contending political myth structures, which may in our name and from the most barbaric impulses disenfranchise 99 percent of the world's population from even tragic participation in their fate.

There is a Bomb and a culture of the Bomb, and we've got to dismantle them both.

You may trust that I wish, that we all of us here wish, this wasn't the character of our age or the nature of our obligation on this day of your commencement. We are all here under this tent, this most ancient of structures, and it is indeed possible it may rain for forty days and forty nights. But there is a chance that it may not. And that is my good news. The presumption of your collegiate life here, the basic presumption, is that every life has a theme. It is a literary idea, the great root discovery of narrative literature—every life has a theme and there is human freedom to find it, to create it, to make it victorious.

That is what your faculty wanted to say to you.

You are in charge of yourselves.

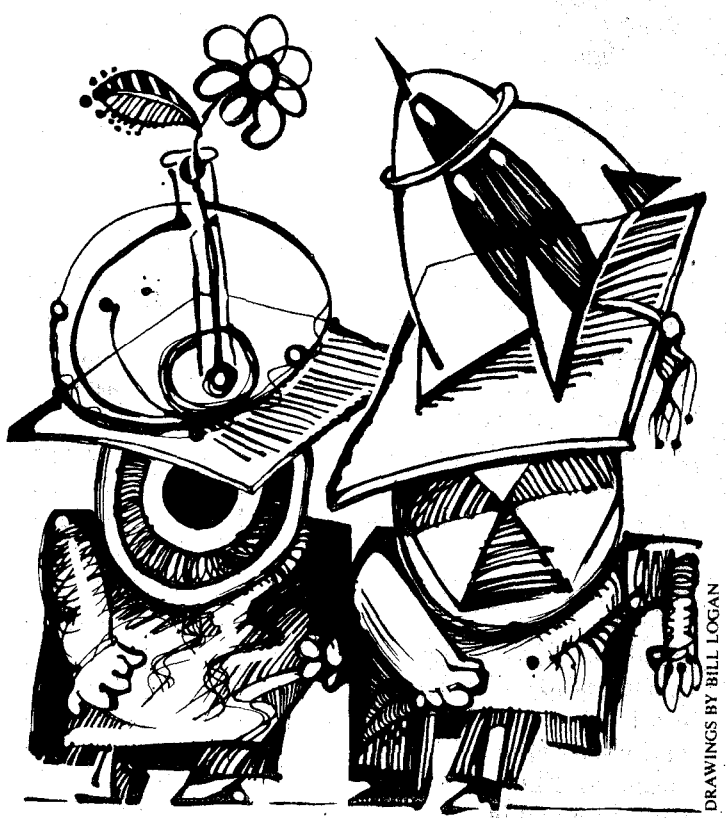
The stack of books you've collected in your four years here is an icon of the humanist ideal.

You have sanctity of thought, the means to stay in touch with truth.

Your living, inquiring and lighted minds are enlisted in the struggle for a human future and a society unbesieged by terror.

That is what your teachers wanted to tell you.

You may not have realized it, and we are somewhat embarrassed to have to say it, but willy-nilly and ipso facto, you commence this day in the name of civilization. □



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IRAN EDGES WESTWARD

The Battle for Khomeini's Ear

DILIP HIRO

Iran's recent moves to strengthen its ties with Western nations and to suppress the pro-Soviet Tudeh (Communist) Party are two sides of the same coin. After four years of anti-Western radicalism, the Islamic republic is trying to rectify its tilt.

The impression a visitor to Teheran receives is that the regime is confident, its political acumen sharper than before. For instance, it chose the eve of May Day to televise Tudeh leader Nureddin Kianuri's confession of spying for the Russians. The confession followed an official documentary on Iranian workers, laudatory in tone and liberally sprinkled with Ayatollah Khomeini's sayings: "Workers' day is people's day"; "Peasants and workers are the foundation of the country's independence."

Tudeh leaders would hardly have disagreed with those slogans. The party had consistently supported Khomeini's actions, including his ouster of President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr and his suppression of the People's Mujahedeen, and did not criticize his regime until Iranian forces invaded Iraq last July.

The invasion seems to have prompted the Soviet Union to lift the embargo on arms and spare parts to Iraq that it imposed in September 1980, after war broke out, thus putting some life into the 1972 treaty of friendship and cooperation between the two countries. Last September, Iraqi President Saddam Hussein publicly conceded that the Russians had begun shipping advanced jet fighters and tanks to his country, thereby honoring contracts signed before the outbreak of the war.

This, and the Tudeh's subsequent criticism of the Khomeini government for backsliding on its promises of economic reform, turned the regime against it. In December, Iran's prosecutor general banned the party's newspaper. Two months later came the arrests of seventy Tudeh leaders.

The decision to suppress the party was a victory for the conservatives in the regime. The policy toward the Tudeh, however, is one of many domestic issues that divide the conservatives from the radicals within the Islamic establishment—the mosques, the theological colleges and the Islamic Republican Party. Prominent among those issues are land reform, foreign trade nationalization, civil liberties, women's rights and the country's labor code.

The radicals stand for the welfare of the have-nots—the landless peasants, the rural migrants to cities, the working class—at the expense of the rich. The conservatives are not opposed to the lower classes' well-being, but wish to see that achieved without a major attack on property or privilege. In this, they have the backing of the top bureaucrats, the middle and upper classes and the bazaar merchants.

While Khomeini remains the country's supreme leader, he has to operate within the framework of the Constitution, a fairly radical document. Principle 49, for instance, holds the government responsible for "confiscating all the wealth resulting from usury, usurpation, bribery, embezzlement, theft, gambling, misuse of endowment, misuse of government contracts and transactions, the sale of uncultivated lands . . . and other illicit sources."

But transforming constitutional principles into law is proving arduous. Measures less radical than Principle 49 have run into trouble. A land-reform bill, for example, was passed by the Majlis, Iran's parliament, but rejected by the Council of the Guardians, which consists of six Islamic scholars nominated by Khomeini and six lawyers elected by the Majlis. The council determines whether bills are compatible with constitutional principles and with Islamic tenets. All members vote on the former, but only the Islamic scholars may decide the latter.

The scholars objected to a land-ceiling provision in the bill, which would have authorized the state to buy excess land. They said that taking over land that had been acquired legitimately undermined the right to hold property, which is sanctified by the Koran.

That argument was forcefully voiced by 52-year-old Ayatollah Mohammed Riza Mahdavi-Kani. A member of all three governments formed since the February 1979 revolution, he became Prime Minister in September 1981. But he resigned six weeks later because of differences with the newly elected President, Hojatolislam Ali Khamenei, over the execution of radical economic reforms.

Guided by Mahdavi-Kani, the council's scholars not surprisingly turned down the foreign trade nationalization bill, which the government had put forward. By calling for total nationalization, the scholars argued, the bill rejected private trading, thus violating an important Islamic precept. They suggested that the foreign exchange earned through private-sector exports be used to finance imports by bazaar merchants.

What had driven the government to introduce the trade nationalization bill in the first place were the pressures generated by the war with Iraq: an urgent need to increase state revenue by taking over the role of the commercial middleman, to conserve scarce foreign exchange by severely restricting imports and to directly feed the rationing system for basic necessities.

In the fall of 1982, when war pressures eased and foreign reserves began to increase, the government liberalized its import policy, thus pleasing the bazaar merchants and the moderates.

The regime's handling of its political opponents has followed a similar pattern. When it felt threatened by the Mujahedeen's guerrilla actions, it reacted with indiscriminate force. After the Mujahedeen had been crushed, Khomeini issued an eight-point decree on civil liberties. The decree outlawed arrests without warrants and it gave public

Dilip Hiro was recently in Iran. He is the author of Inside the Middle East *(McGraw-Hill).*

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HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1½ ounces of 86-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the seat belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

Weight	1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer											
100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05% | **DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.09%** | **DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP**

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

At General Motors, we have developed a device which tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before it allows the car to start. The Department of Transportation is now testing it in California as a deterrent to repeat offenders. Today, you, the driver, have to know your limits and when you've gone beyond them. If you have any doubts, don't drive.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet • Pontiac
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Cadillac • GMC Truck

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courts under the Justice Ministry jurisdiction over "anti-Islamic" crimes, which had previously been handled by the revolutionary courts. Khomeini also appointed a commission to investigate complaints against officials accused of misusing their power.

Encouraged by the decree, some women discarded their chadors, the body-covering shroud prescribed by the Islamic dress code. Many of the women were physically attacked, and militant youths demonstrated to demand strict enforcement of the dress code. The dissenting women had to resume their veils.

That was a victory for the radicals, who are inspired by 49-year-old Hojatolislam Hasheimi Rafsanjani. The only surviving founder of the Islamic Republican Party, he is the Speaker of the Majlis and Khomeini's personal representative on the Supreme Defense Council. A regular speaker at the Friday prayers in Teheran, he has immense influence on public opinion.

Rafsanjani favors land reform and foreign-trade nationalization. He once said that money deposited in a bank would not be immune from confiscation if it was proved to have been obtained by means that violated the tenets of Islam. That led to a run on the banks, and he eventually retracted his statement.

Last April the bazaar merchants appealed publicly to Khomeini to order Rafsanjani to refrain from making provocative statements which, they said, were contrary to Islamic principles and were inspired by Marxist theory. Nothing came of it. Rafsanjani's Islamic credentials are beyond question. Furthermore, he is close to Khomeini and is popular with theological students, revolutionary guards and young soldiers.

Had he been inspired by Marxism, he would have lost no time in attacking a proposed bill on labor relations, which would deny workers the right to form trade unions and to strike, and which is supported by employers. But Rafsanjani has yet to express an opinion on it.

In Iran today, the top leadership is finely balanced: Rafsanjani and Mahdavi-Kani are at opposite poles, and President Khamenei is somewhere in between. The conservatives control policies on the economy, civil liberties and the Tudeh. But since they lack popular support, their dominance is not secure. The radicals, on the other hand, are popular with the lower classes, and that gives them a firm footing to try to acquire power in the future. □

COMING UP

A symposium on the ideas advanced by Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf in "'Industrial Policy'—Now the Bad News," which appeared in our June 4 issue. Readers are invited to comment on the article. (Incidentally, a review of the authors' recently published book, *Beyond the Waste Land: A Democratic Alternative to Economic Decline*, from which *The Nation*'s article was adapted, appears on page 18.)

CALIFORNIA FARM WORKERS

Agribusiness Gets The Upper Hand

GREG CRITSER

In December, the rains came to California. For weeks, one storm after another caused havoc in nearly every part of the state. Piers buckled. Large cracks opened in major highways. Houses slid onto the highways and into the cracks. And California agriculture, promoted by the state as its "Number One Industry," suffered more than $275 million in losses, including more than 400,000 acres of flooded cropland.

For California farm workers, who travel the length of the state for every harvest, the immediate consequences of that flooding were delayed and shortened work seasons. And because it permanently damaged thousands of acres of orchards, there is the long-term prospect of lost jobs.

But the deluge was only a nuisance compared with the disastrous flood of business decisions—related to profits, not weather—that have drastically altered the state's agricultural economy, and that now threaten to add farm workers to the growing ranks of America's structurally unemployed.

The mechanization of the tomato harvest is a grim example. Faced in 1965 with the end of the Bracero "guest worker" program, which provided growers with a large, unorganized force of Mexican migrant workers, growers and processors encouraged the University of California to develop mechanical harvesters to replace them. The university complied, and implementation of the new technology was swift: by 1970, 100 percent of the canning-tomato harvest was mechanized. Thirty-two thousand field jobs were lost.

In the mid-1970s, when the United Farm Workers Union became successful in winning contracts for tomato pickers in the Salinas Valley, growers of fresh-market, or vine-ripened, tomatoes also began tailoring crops to technology. They introduced a less fragile "green" variety of tomato, more adaptable to machine harvesting (with unpleasant consequences for taste as well as employment). Now, 30 percent of that crop is picked by machine, and researchers expect 12,200 more field jobs will be lost by 1987.

There also has been a dramatic increase in the mechanical harvesting of wine grapes. Previously, field lanes too narrow for harvesters had prevented mechanization. Established producers whose vines yielded the popular California Red were reluctant to uproot their vines and start anew to accommodate the machines. But as crop investment became an increasingly popular tax shelter for wealthy urbanites, new plantings increased. Beginning in the mid-1970s, corporations like Tejon Agricultural Properties in the Salinas Valley planted new crops of wine grapes in wider rows,

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suited to improved harvesters developed at the University of California. By 1979, more than 30 percent of the state's wine grapes were harvested mechanically; that figure could grow to 75 percent by 1990. The harvesters are also used for winter pruning, which eliminates still more farm worker jobs.

There's more. Mechanical shakers now harvest more than a third of the state's canning-peach crop. A recent issue of *California Agriculture* tells of experiments with chemicals that cause fruit to drop to the ground, which "may permit the mechanical harvest of citrus for by-products." The magazine also predicts the mechanization of the table grape harvest, but worries that "it may be some time before machines do the many seasonal tasks required."

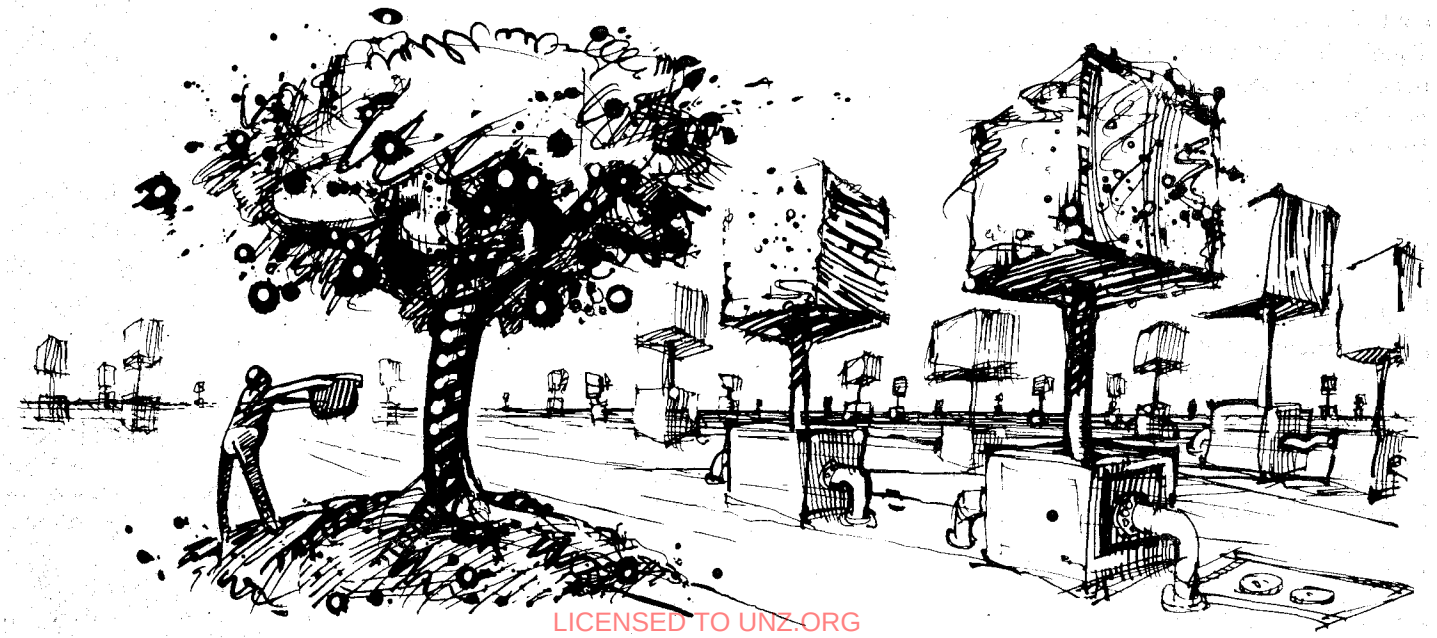
The United Farm Workers Union has not been silent about mechanization. In 1978, not wanting to appear to be against "progress," president César Chavez focused the union's public information program on the University of California's sponsorship of farm technology research [see César Chavez, "The Farm Workers' Next Battle," *The Nation*, March 25, 1978]. He argued that taxpayers should not support research that eliminates the jobs of other taxpayers—the farm workers—without first investigating the social impact of such research. He also suggested that a fund be established to assist displaced farm workers with money from a tax on those who benefit from mechanization. Bills were introduced in the State Legislature on behalf of the farm workers, but they died in committee.

Harvest mechanization, which has occurred at a faster pace in California than elsewhere as a reaction to the U.F.W.'s clout, has had other long-term effects. As acreage under tillage increased with the use of machinery, so did cannery production. For a while, the swelling of the cannery work force, which included thousands of farm workers, defused the mechanization conflict. Processors told growers they wanted mechanical harvesters in order to cut production costs, but to the farm workers they spoke of new prosperity in air-conditioned canneries.

It was a short-lived fantasy. In 1980, growers produced 4 million more tons of tomatoes than the market could bear. "It was like a great big old tomato bubble that just blew up and popped," remembers Steve Teixeira, a researcher at California Rural Legal Assistance who has documented a link between crop mechanization and cannery overproduction. Faced with declining consumer demand, higher fuel costs and overseas competition, many single-owner canneries folded or merged with larger, grower-controlled cooperatives. As the larger processors cut the size of the annual "packs," or contracts, offered to small growers, the industry retrenched. Thousands of acres were taken out of production. Trees were yanked from the ground. "The fate of the farm workers and the fate of the cannery workers," one observer notes, "became inextricably tied."

It is the large processors like Del Monte that over the years have proved most insensitive to cannery workers, farm workers and small growers. Del Monte, which has been in California since the early 1900s and built its fortune there, decided to fight foreign competition by *becoming* foreign competition. If the company "wanted a piece of the action in Europe, then it would have to go where the action is," Del Monte's corporate history states. So it went—to Italy in 1956, where tomato, pear, peach and apricot production began in the Po Valley community of San Felice sul Panaro. In 1960 the company began packing peaches in South Africa. In 1968 it bought the West Indies Fruit Company. In 1969 it acquired interests in Kenya and Venezuela. In 1976 Del Monte's plant in Greece completed its first tomato run.

As if to underscore its intentions, the company sold its last California peach ranch in 1978, an action, its history boasts, "that ends a century of involvement in California agriculture." The same year saw Del Monte lobbyists in Sacramento beat back a bill that would have helped the state's remaining peach growers stabilize the domestic peach market. By the early 1980s, the links between Del Monte's involvement in foreign markets and its disinvestment in California had become even clearer. In July 1981, the com-



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pany (now a subsidiary of the R.J. Reynolds Company, which acquired it in 1979) announced plans to close its Fruitvale cannery in Oakland, which employed 150 full-time and 200 seasonal workers, many of whom were farm workers. The company also closed its Sacramento facility, which employed 100 full-time and 800 seasonal workers. At the same time, Del Monte chairman Richard Ward said the firm would intensify its overseas operations.

Those "runaway canneries" are comparable in economic impact to the *maquiladoras*, the U.S.-owned manufacturing plants that line the Mexican border. They sap domestic production and rob U.S. workers of jobs. And Del Monte is not the only offender. In 1963, the United States exported 177 million pounds of canned peaches, most of which came from California, to Europe. By the late 1970s, that figure had dropped to less than 32 million pounds. During the same period, exports to Europe of canned peaches from American-backed packers in South Africa skyrocketed—from 159 million to 283 million pounds. South Africa's increase roughly equaled the U.S. decrease. What had changed was the site of production.

Job opportunities for California farm and cannery workers have also declined. The state once had more than 150 canneries. Now there are less than 90. One researcher estimates that at least 10,000 cannery workers have lost their jobs in the past six years.

How have the unions responded? The teamsters, who represent the cannery workers, have been timid. Like many labor unions in the age of Reagan, the teamsters made concessions in response to corporate complaints about low profitability. In June 1982, they agreed to a one-year wage freeze and a $2 per hour wage cut for new workers.

The United Farm Workers Union has been more confrontational. Its hearings on the University of California's involvement in mechanization research resulted in curtailing the development of mechanical lettuce harvesters. The union has also negotiated antimechanization clauses in contracts with some growers. In negotiations with Meyer Tomato, in King City, California, the union was able to stipulate the maximum number of jobs that could be replaced through mechanization. Recognizing the power that large processors wield over the growers with whom the union negotiates, the U.F.W. has sought to bring Sunkist to the bargaining table in its efforts to organize citrus fruit pickers in Tulare County. And the U.F.W. has begun buying political clout in the State Legislature. The union poured more than $400,000 into campaign coffers between last year's June primary and the November election. The campaign committee for Assembly Speaker Willie Brown received $250,000. State Senate pro tem David Roberti's campaign committee received $111,500.

The farm workers may need that clout. Under the pro-agribusiness administration of Gov. George Deukmejian, growers are lobbying to replace the state's Agricultural Labor Relations Act with a watered-down version. The measure they propose would deny the U.F.W. the right to require union members to contribute to its political war chest—the only means the union has for countering the growers' multimillion-dollar lobbying blitz.

In an era when workers in almost all unions face the plight of structural displacement, it would seem logical to call for cooperation across union lines. In the 1930s, the radical Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union tried to unite workers facing common problems. But given the conservative nature of most of the unions representing food processing workers in California, such cooperation seems unlikely. In fact, it may be too late. □

ONE CHILD PER FAMILY (NO GIRLS)

The Infanticide Tragedy in China

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Recently, Steven Westley Mosher, a graduate student in anthropology at Stanford University, was expelled from the doctoral program because of improprieties he had allegedly committed while doing fieldwork in China's Guangdong Province. What was most unusual about the charges against Mosher was their source: the Chinese government. Many scholars believe that Beijing was angered more by Mosher's report on abortion and female infanticide in that province, which was published in a Taiwanese magazine, than by his personal conduct.

Female infanticide has become a sensitive subject with the Chinese government. The murder of female babies by ancient Chinese methods of family planning—drowning, exposure, mutilation—has been revived as a direct result of a birth control law passed in 1979, which permits each family to have only one child. The law was China's first official recognition that overpopulation had become a serious problem. Last year's census counted 1,008,175,288 Chinese—nearly a quarter of the earth's people, living in a country with only 7 percent of its arable land. Since the Communists took power in 1946, there has been a rise of 300 million in the population, and Mao Zedong, who believed China could support an unlimited number of people, deserves much of the blame for this great demographic leap.

The 1979 measure succeeded in lowering the growth rate to about 1.4 percent annually, compared with more than 3 percent during the 1960s and 2 percent in most developing countries. But with a high proportion of women of childbearing age, China is a demographic time bomb. At the present rate of increase, 200 million people will be added over the next two decades, and famine is a looming danger.

Under the draconian birth control law, couples must ask the party's permission to conceive. Party cadres maintain tight surveillance so that unauthorized pregnancies can be detected. Women must display their sanitary napkins on demand, for example, to show they aren't pregnant. Thou-

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sands of women have been forced to have abortions. When an unauthorized baby is born, the parents' wages may be cut, and the family denied social services. Those who adhere to the one-child limit receive bonuses.

Contrary to the statements of party leaders, including Prime Minister Zhao Ziyang, the killing of female babies is not a holdover from feudal times, when girls were considered undesirable. Rather, it stems from practical considerations. Many couples in rural areas want their only child to be a "good" one—a male—because the government does not provide old-age benefits. Parents count on their sons to support them when they can no longer work; daughters are regarded as "lost" because they will be subsumed into their husbands' families.

Statistics on infanticide are hard to come by. While condemning the practice and attempting to discourage it, the government has allowed only sketchy information to appear in the press. Last November, however, an article in *China Youth News* estimated that in some rural communes only 200 out of every 500 infants who survive after birth are girls. A newspaper in Canton Province reported the deaths of more than 200 female infants last autumn, most of them drowned by midwives in a pail of water at the mother's bedside. Recently, *The People's Daily* published a letter from fifteen women in Anwei Province who claimed they had been beaten by their parents, their in-laws or their husbands after giving birth to girls. Nonetheless, the women wrote, "We will never give up trying to have a boy. We would rather die than be content with a girl."

The best information has been provided by Chinese women's groups, which are outraged by the killing of infant girls. At a recent meeting of one of the country's women's federations, Kang Keqing, widow of the legendary Marshal Zhu De, who led the Communist army in the 1930s and 1940s, and a military hero in her own right, called for an end to the killing of female infants, which she described as persecution of women.

The Anwei Women's Federation has compiled chilling statistics on infant mortality rates in its own and in a neighboring province. In one village alone, forty girls were drowned in 1980 and 1981. In another, of five girls born over a three-month period, none survived.

The federation compared the number of children born in 1979, before the population-control measure went into effect, with the number born in 1981. In 1979, 11,522 children were born in the two provinces: 5,950 (51.6 percent) of them were boys and 5,572 (48.4 percent) were girls, a ratio close to that of the nation as a whole. In 1981 there were 10,767 births, and the sex ratio was strikingly different: 6,266 (58.2 percent) of the babies were boys and only 4,501 (41.8 percent) were girls. Using the 1979 ratio, 5,211 girls should have been born in 1981. Since 709 fewer were born, the federation concluded that this was the likely number of girls killed at birth.

What can be done to remedy this appalling situation is another matter. *The People's Daily* has warned that many Chinese men will be unable to find wives by the year 2000. Such stories are part of the government's campaign to discourage female infanticide, according to a spokesman for the State Family Planning Commission, who noted that it is forbidden by both the Chinese Constitution and the Marriage Law. A Beijing judge has called the practice murder.

Still, the penalties are light, and killing an infant in China is an easy matter. Most births take place in the home, and midwives and husbands cooperate in concealing the deaths. Babies need not be registered with authorities until three days after birth; if they die before that time they are presumed stillborn. Complaisant officials, eager to show low birthrates in their jurisdictions, look the other way.

In the unlikely event that the government is able to bring female infanticide under control, it would be faced with a rise in the birthrate. As the letter from the Anwei Fifteen indicates, couples are desperate for boys, and will continue trying to have them. Thus, female infanticide serves as an effective form of population control. Many Chinese women still refuse to practice contraception, and stories about them illicitly extracting IUDs, smearing animal blood on sanitary napkins to deceive inspectors and even hiring sorcerers to cast evil spells on birth control cadres appear frequently in the Chinese press. The incidence of forced abortions shows that the government's program of family planning education and financial incentives is not working as well as it would like. Two years ago, newspapers in Guangdong Province reported that 50,000 women who were pregnant without permission had been kidnapped on party orders and forced to have abortions. On a lesser scale, this practice is becoming routine throughout China. Even women in the third trimester of pregnancy are not exempt.

As is customary with internal problems, the Chinese government tells foreigners to mind their own business. The Family Planning Commission spokesman attacked "those

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from abroad" who say China's population policies have contributed to infanticide and who assume that the government encourages it. This month, the Chinese government accepted a medal from the United Nations honoring the success of its population control program. Even if few believe the government condones female infanticide, the drive to limit families to one child each makes it inevitable. □

K.G.B./Pope...

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

media, is incompatible with many known facts and is speciously argued. The book displays the main features of a growing body of pseudoscientific writing that serves President Reagan's political objectives by portraying the Soviet Union as the locus of terrorism. *Pontiff* thus provides a useful illustration of the character, the genesis—and the infirmities—of a politically convenient untruth.

It took little time after Mehmet Ali Agca shot the Pope in St. Peter's Square on May 13, 1981, for the world to learn much about his background. One of Turkey's most notorious terrorists, Agca had assassinated the editor of a leading Turkish newspaper two years earlier. Moreover, he was associated with a local fascist movement, the Nationalist Action Party (NAP), and its affiliate, the Grey Wolves, whose leaders had been arrested in late 1980 and charged with hundreds of political murders. Their 945-page indictment, which was handed down in Turkey two weeks after Agca's assassination attempt, contained much information on NAP's extensive domestic and European networks.

Most Western correspondents, including Marvine Howe and R.W. Apple of *The New York Times*, did not hesitate to describe the attempt on the Pope's life as the work of the extreme right, and to suggest that there were links between Agca and NAP's more than 100 European branches. While his motive was obscure, it was thought to be related to ultrachauvinism and anti-Westernism, both characteristic of Turkish fascism, an ideology in which Agca had been immersed since high school. Lending credence to that theory was NAP's part in engineering Agca's escape from a Turkish prison in November 1979, which occurred when he was being tried for murder. Immediately afterward, Agca wrote to an Istanbul newspaper announcing his intention to shoot the Pope, whose visit to Turkey was then imminent. The deed, of course, was postponed to another day.

Agca's brief trial in Italy for the papal shooting, in July 1981, left many questions unanswered. Where did he get his gun and false passport? Who helped him during his fifteen-month flight throughout Europe following his escape from the Turkish prison? Where exactly had he gone, and who provided him with traveling money—totaling $50,000, according to Western intelligence estimates? Finally, did he have any accomplices on the day of the shooting? While substantial evidence that Agca was part of a conspiracy was offered in court and in press reports, the nature and members of that conspiracy remain in doubt.

There matters stood until the publication of an article by Claire Sterling in the September 1982 *Reader's Digest*. Sterling's article, and a September 21, 1982, NBC "White Paper" narrated by Marvin Kalb, asserted that Agca's apparent connections to the right were only a cover, and that his actual "control" was the K.G.B. The main evidence supporting that thesis was the fact that Agca spent six weeks in Sofia, Bulgaria, in the summer of 1980. Both Sterling and NBC put the date of Agca's recruitment by the K.G.B. earlier than that visit, and said it took place in Turkey. Nevertheless, they regarded his trip to Sofia as compelling evidence of the Connection. As for Agca's motive, Sterling tentatively suggested and NBC strongly argued that the Pope's support of Poland's Solidarity union made him a threat to Soviet interests, and that the Kremlin had ordered his murder. NBC also claimed to have been told by Vatican sources that in early August 1980 the Pope had warned Russian leader Leonid Brezhnev that he would go to Poland if the Russians invaded it.

As we have argued elsewhere, there are many problems with the Sterling-NBC thesis.* Among other things, Agca's threat to kill the Pope in 1979 was made before the Pope's alleged letter to Brezhnev, which, according to NBC, precipitated the Kremlin's murder plan. This suggests the existence of an Agca motive independent of Soviet interests. Furthermore, there is no tangible evidence linking Agca to the K.G.B.; the case rests on remote links and suppositions. The argument that such a link is difficult to establish because the K.G.B. uses proxies to insure deniability is unconvincing. If the K.G.B. was concerned with preserving the option of deniability, why did it employ such a volatile operative as Agca in the first place? And why did it bring him to a prominent hotel in Sofia, where he could have been easily spotted?

Events took a dramatic turn in late November 1982, when an Italian magistrate ordered the arrest of a Bulgarian airline official and indicted two Bulgarian Embassy employees, charging them with being Agca's accomplices. The magistrate's actions were prompted by a fresh "confession" from Agca, in which he allegedly identified the three Bulgarians from photographs provided by the police, and gave extensive details about meetings with them and descriptions of their cars and apartments. The investigating magistrate has never produced explicit grounds for arresting Agca—not even his "confession" has been offered for that purpose. Filling the evidential void, "informed sources" in the police department are often quoted in the press with vivid accounts of Agca's activities. According to those, Agca claimed that the Bulgarians escorted him to St. Peter's Square on the day of the shooting, and were prepared to fire

Frank Brodhead, a historian and journalist, is a former editor of Resist. *Edward S. Herman, a professor of finance at The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of* The Real Terror Network: Terrorism in Fact and Propaganda *(South End Press).*

* "The KBG Plot to Assassinate the Pope: A Case Study in Free World Disinformation," *Covert Action Information Bulletin*, Number 19, Spring-Summer 1983, pp. 13-24.

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into the air and set off a bomb to create a diversion.

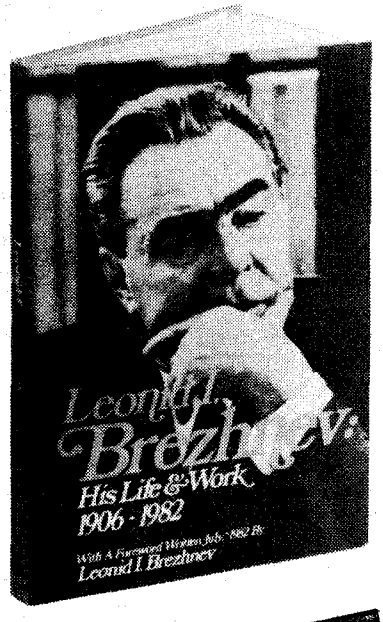
This latest version of the Bulgarian Connection now seems about to collapse. On May 12, ABC's *20/20* noted that the Bulgarians' alibis seemed solid, that Agca's descriptions contained several important inaccuracies and that two persons Agca claimed were present at one of the meetings with the Bulgarians offered convincing evidence that they were elsewhere at the time. The use of Bulgarian officials in such a sensitive operation is also at odds with the claim that the K.G.B. was concerned about deniability.

The context of Agca's new confession—its convenience to Western political interests, its occurrence after he had spent fifteen months in solitary confinement—casts further doubts on it. His new "evidence" consists largely of details that could have been supplied by coaching. The hypothesis that Italian security police made a deal with Agca in exchange for his implication of the Bulgarians seems far more plausible than the Bulgarian Connection.

The imminent collapse of the case has been confirmed indirectly by Marvin Kalb himself, who recently suggested, with some bitterness, that a deal is about to be struck between Italy (the United States) and Bulgaria (the Soviet Union), releasing the arrested Bulgarian. Kalb, Sterling and *Time* magazine have long contended that the C.I.A. and the Reagan Administration have avoided pressing the case out of cowardice or fear of "scuttling any arms-control talks" (as *Time* put it). In any event, such a deal, or the release of the Bulgarian for lack of evidence, would implicitly repudiate Agca's confessions and discredit his testimony. The Bulgarian Connection would rest again on the shaky speculations of the Sterling-NBC model, already weakened by its heavy dependence on Agca's earlier confession.

Pontiff, which Thomas and Morgan-Witts had conceived and largely completed before the indictment and arrest of the Bulgarian, is an exotic flowering of the Sterling-NBC thesis. According to several newspaper accounts, its subject was chosen by the authors from among several current news topics as having excellent sales potential. The publisher, Doubleday, advanced Thomas and Morgan-Witts $500,000, and its prepublication publicity boasted of a $100,000 national advertising and promotion budget. That may help explain the authors' reluctance to deviate from mainstream, marketable American political opinion. As regards the Bulgarian Connection, for example, the authors of a book intended to *sell* would be unlikely to challenge the popular idea that the K.G.B. and the Bulgarians were behind Agca and the 1981 assassination attempt. That premise also provides a dramatic context, with the Soviet Union as the fashionable center of evil.

Pontiff begins and ends with Agca and the shooting of the Pope. The themes of terrorism and the K.G.B. threat to the church are woven into a tale of the elections of two Popes and the recent history of the papacy. A deadly conflict is suggested in the opening pages—"not even Paul VI knows with certainty whether his death will be peaceful"—



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and eventually dominates the story, culminating in the encounter in the square.

The authors of *Pontiff* rely heavily on anonymous "informed sources," mainly Vatican insiders and officials of various intelligence agencies. But Agca is the principal source—via secondhand reports of his words by the Italian police. The most important single fact about *Pontiff* is the authors' uncritical use of this unverifiable and suspect material.

POEM (for Roman Jakobson)

Between what I see and what I say,
between what I say and what I keep silent,
between what I keep silent and what I forget:
poetry.
It slips
between yes and no,
says
what I keep silent,
keeps silent
what I say,
dreams
what I forget.
It is not speech:
it is an act.
It is an act
of speech.
Poetry
speaks and listens:
it is real.
And as soon as I say
it is real,
it vanishes.
Is it then more real?
A tangible idea,
intangible
word:
poetry
comes and goes
between what is
and what is not.
It weaves
and unweaves reflections.
Poetry
scatters eyes over the page,
scatters words over the eyes.
Eyes speak,
words look,
gazes think.
To hear
thoughts,
see
what we say,
touch
the body of an idea.
Eyes close,
the words open.

Octavio Paz
(Translated by Eliott Weinberger)

A principal Vatican source is Franz Cardinal König of Austria. König was one of the chief sponsors of Karol Wojtyla's candidacy for the papacy, and is among Pope John Paul II's closest confidants. He is also, according to the authors, the Vatican's expert on communism. An example of the imaginative collaboration between König and the authors is found in their description of König's role in preventing an autopsy of John Paul I, who died suddenly after only a few weeks in office. Thomas and Morgan-Witts swallow completely König's unsupported claim that the demand for an autopsy, which was issued by a right-wing Catholic organization that had learned of the Vatican's clumsy attempt to cover up some of the circumstances of John Paul I's death, was actually initiated by the K.G.B. to smear the church. "König is even sure he knows which section of the KGB spawned [the story]," they write. "It bears the malevolent mark of Department D—for *dezinformatsiya*—of the First Chief Directorate. Only Department D can move so swiftly, be so well organized." And so the authors take us breathlessly through König's intrigues "to stop the KGB's machinations" and prevent the autopsy.

Merely by raising the suspicion that the Pope had been poisoned, the K.G.B. made gains in its war on the church, Thomas and Morgan-Witts imply: "König has a new fear. Now that the KGB has scored such a success it will surely want to try again." What could the K.G.B. be planning for John Paul II?

It is with the same gullibility that Thomas and Morgan-Witts follow König's lead in linking the assassination attempt to the Pope's support for Solidarity. That theme was first sounded in NBC's "White Paper" on the authority of anonymous "Vatican sources." *Pontiff*'s more highly refined version, based on information supplied by König, also runs afoul of elementary chronology. Solidarity was founded at the end of August 1980 in response to a strike wave against price increases, which began in July and spread nationwide following the strike of shipyard workers in Gdansk on August 14. Yet König says that the Pope was in daily telephone contact with Lech Walesa in late 1979, approving the choice of the name "Solidarnosc"; in early 1980, he says, the Pope sent Walesa messages urging caution. At the beginning of August, after more than 100 factories had been struck but with the formation of Solidarity still a month away, "König's finely attuned ears in Vienna . . . picked up alarming signals the Russians were seriously considering ordering the Polish regime to conduct a purge of Solidarity's leadership while at the same time warning the population that if there was any further rebellion, martial law would be imposed. If that provoked resistance, the Red Army would roll into Poland. It was a dire situation."

The incompatibility of their story with the actual course of events in Poland strengthens our skepticism about the authors' main "revelation"—that a Vatican courier carried a handwritten letter from the Pope to Brezhnev in the second week of August, warning him that the Pope "would relinquish the throne of St. Peter and return to stand at the barricades beside his fellow Poles." There is no reason to doubt Vatican denials that such a letter was sent, for it

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would have been an improbable response to the situation in Poland in early August 1980. Yet Thomas and Morgan-Witts were apparently so mesmerized by being privy to inside information that they did not bother to check the consistency of their story with the public record.

There is a similar lack of critical judgment in *Pontiff*'s evaluation of information from Western intelligence sources. The authors note that both König and the Pope were frequently briefed by the C.I.A. on the Soviet menace, a practice they say began during the Carter Administration. The authors also acknowledge key assistance from the Turkish, British, West German and Austrian intelligence services, and note the crucial role played by Israel's Mossad in their investigations. They learned from the Israelis, for example, that the Grey Wolves who freed Agca from prison in 1979 had Soviet bloc advisers, that Agca frequently shuttled between West and East Germany in the months prior to the shooting, and that he made a second trip to Sofia in early 1981. None of these claims have previously appeared in print, and in some cases they contradict the public record. Yet such apparent discrepancies draw forth no explanation from the authors, perhaps because these "facts" fit the political assumptions of their drama.

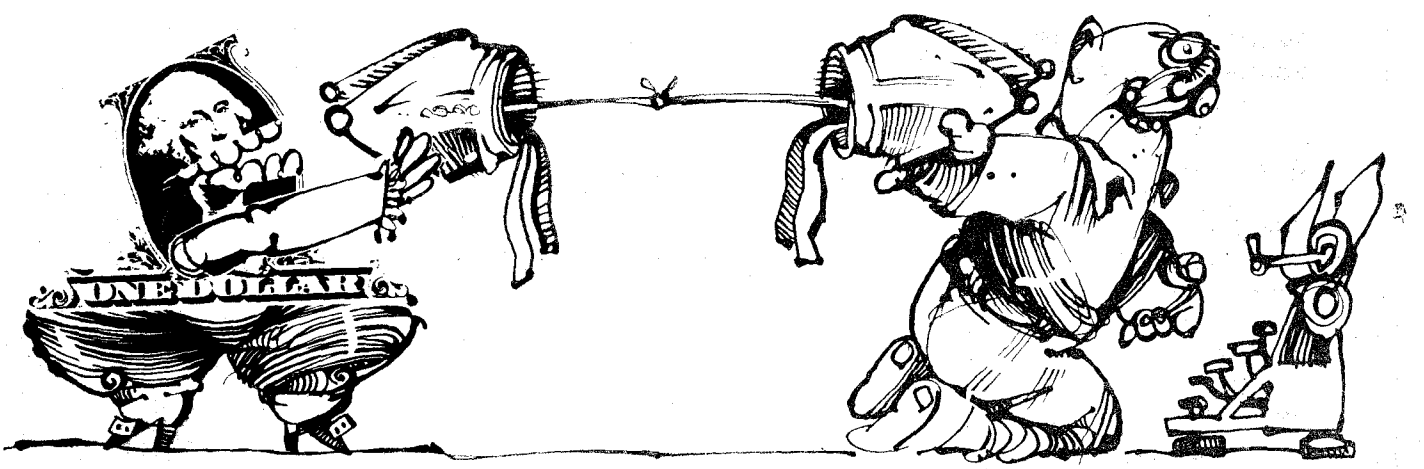
It does not seem to have occurred to Thomas and Morgan-Witts that Western intelligence agencies might tell them anything but the truth. "Disinformation" is produced only by the robbers, not by the cops. That a significant segment of the Western intelligence fraternity doubts the existence of a K.G.B. plot is ignored in *Pontiff*. That there are cranks and fanatics among the agents eager to sell a favorite conspiracy theory is never hinted at.* Their use of intelligence sources amounts to cafeteria-style research—walk down the line of Western sources and pick and choose to taste, and to the demands of the story line.

Perhaps the most important source for *Pontiff*'s tale of the Bulgarian Connection is Agca himself—or rather the police reports of confessions he is alleged to have made. From Agca the authors take the story of Teslin Tore, a minor character in the Sterling-NBC model, who becomes Agca's link with the K.G.B. in *Pontiff*. Tore recruits Agca, a member of the Grey Wolves, sets up a secret bank account for him and takes him to Syria for training. He orders Agca to persuade the Grey Wolves to kill the Turkish newspaper editor, arranges Agca's escape from prison, and tells him to write a letter threatening to murder the Pope during his visit to Turkey a few days later. Tore escorts Agca to Iran and later to a training camp in Libya, where he "studies" with former C.I.A. agent Frank Terpil. Agca then goes to Sofia, where he again meets Tore, and finally he arrives in Milan, Italy, where Tore gives him his instructions to kill the Pope.

Tore's role in this story depends on Agca's recollections and confessions. Is Agca a credible witness? He was described by *The New York Times*'s Turkey correspondent, Marvine Howe, as a "notorious liar." As a fascist, he had every ideological interest in implicating the left in his act, and as a prisoner, every practical interest in cooperating with his Italian captors. Moreover, Thomas and Morgan-Witts present a number of psychiatrists' reports that describe Agca as being extremely disturbed and in "a catatonic stupor" and as having long gaps in his memory. All this leads them to have great confidence in what Agca says he *can* remember, rather than to raise the possibility that he would be susceptible to suggestion, a witting or unwitting collaborator in a scheme to implicate the K.G.B. in the papal assassination attempt.

The Bulgarian Connection has been built by Sterling, NBC, and Thomas and Morgan-Witts on a mélange of facts, unproved claims, "linkages" of uncertain meaning and leaps of the imagination. We believe its central conclusion to be completely fallacious. *Pontiff* reads like a work of fiction because at bottom it *is* a work of fiction. □

*Two notable illustrations: the firm belief of James Angleton, longtime C.I.A. chief of counterintelligence, which he adhered to at least until the late 1970s, that the split between the Chinese and the Russians was a conspiracy to deceive the West. See Thomas Powers, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets* (Knopf), pp. 63, 289, 350. The ease of transformation into K.G.B. agent is well illustrated by Seymour Hersh's recent disclosure that Marvin Kalb himself was described by Kissinger and by Nixon's White House as a "Romanian agent." See Seymour M. Hersh, *The Price of Power* (Summit), footnote p. 92.



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Economics: Old Liberal, New Left

JOHN McDERMOTT

DANGEROUS CURRENTS: The State of Economics. *By Lester C. Thurow. Random House. 240 pp. $16.95.*

BEYOND THE WASTE LAND: A Democratic Alternative to Economic Decline. *By Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf. Anchor/Doubleday. 465 pp. $17.95.*

Lester Thurow's latest book is entitled *Dangerous Currents*; it should be called *At Sea*. For this is not a book about those currents of the Reagan economic policy that are dangerous to the country; it is a sustained argument that contemporary economics is lost in a sea of empty tautology. In Thurow's view, economics is demonstrably unable to help us chart a rational economic policy. The growing elaboration of its intellectual apparatus disguises the growing triviality of its content.

The problem for Thurow lies in the way conventional economics conceives of human behavior, a way he terms "the equilibrium price-auction model of economic behavior." According to this model, as economic actors we are all fierce utilitarians; that is, we have a manic desire to minimize the effort we expend and to maximize the goods we can buy. We are, in theory, slothful workers and gluttonous consumers, roles in no way modified by our social experience; like the planets, we pursue our course *sub specie aeternitatis*. The totality of our economic relations, then, is seen as a huge auction with too few goods to go around, in which everyone is bidding against everyone else for everything at the same time. When the clamor ceases, each of us has been compelled to place our grudging efforts into mathematically precise balance with our raging desires.

With so many false premises to choose from, economists can deduce any conclusions they desire, to suit today's contending schools—supply-siders, rational expectationists, Keynesians, neo-Keynesians. The great value of *Dangerous Currents* is that it demonstrates how each of these schools uses the equilibrium price-auction model and how the model leads each of them astray. The arguments are clearly put and nicely documented and should prove of value to the lay reader. But Thurow believes they won't cure economics of its malady. Why?

His explanation of the appeal of the equilibrium price-auction model has a stark simplicity: economists suffer an "endemic need for internal consistency and rigor," virtues which the model undeniably possesses. Now, it may be that Thurow's fellow economists will find that a plausible explanation, but I suspect that the lay people to whom the book is primarily addressed will find in it the odor of the supernatural. There are, after all, more plausible explanations.

Since the time of F.D.R., there has been a steady conservative trend in U.S. economic policy and thought. In the early postwar years a 2 percent unemployment rate was considered consistent with full employment, and was accordingly targeted by the national government. Over the years the "acceptable" rate of unemployment has crept up and up, with economists ever ready to defend the correctness of the latest rate. The Reagan people now aim at 7.5 percent—but not immediately. Perhaps tomorrow or maybe the day after. Then, too, it used to be thought that investors, who own about four fifths of all income-producing property, should pay a fairly stiff tax. This notion also has eroded away in the postwar years, mainly through cuts in the estate and corporate profits taxes and in upper-bracket income taxes. Since the 1981 Reagan tax revision, according to the President's Council of Economic Advisors, U.S. investors receive more from the Federal tax system than they pay into it.

Harmful and startling as these developments may be, they are less important than still another manifestation of the conservative trend. Economic policy makers, economists and "public opinion" have slowly but steadily purged from their memories as irrelevant all economic experience not drawn from the private, profit-oriented marketplace. I was struck by this while driving to California last winter. Passing through the upper South, the enormous positive influence of Federal conservation and energy projects—particularly the Tennessee Valley Authority—is everywhere evident. Across the country, about a quarter of all energy produced in the postwar years has been provided by publicly owned or consumer-owned electric power systems—at a cost about one-third lower than that charged by the private utilities.

The institutional economic landscape is much more varied than we suppose. Wisconsin's state-owned Life Insurance Fund provides residents with policies at rates ridiculously lower than those of the big private carriers. North Dakota operates a useful and profitable state bank. Elsewhere, cooperative or government-run, community-based institutions provide needed, cost-effective services, from day care to firefighting. It is this broad and deep economic experience, and what it tells us about human economic behavior, that we have erased from our active memory. How effective that erasure has been may be gauged from the fact that most Americans applaud the space program even as they argue that government cannot carry out innovative and technologically complex enterprises.

Thurow's past work reflects this erasure. Liberal and humanitarian in his outlook, he has, nevertheless, been suspicious of any economic activity that is not profitled and market-oriented. Thus, even as he has seen the need for greater government intervention in the economy, he has wanted to subordinate that intervention to the decision-making principles of a private economy along lines consistent with, say, the pre-New Deal Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Thus it is that a contemporary liberal has come to stand foursquare with—or perhaps a touch to the right of—Herbert Hoover.

It is not clear from *Dangerous Currents* what sort of policy Thurow would urge today. He closes the book with a plea for a new economic theory based on an empirical study of how people actually behave, in place of the absurd behavior assumed by the equilibrium price-auction model. But he gives no hint that such behavior might be already in existence and merely in need of extension.

John McDermott teaches labor studies at SUNY-Old Westbury. He has just completed a book about the differences between private and corporate property as they bear on social conflict.

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It is precisely this idea that animates the work of Bowles, Gordon and Weisskopf in *Beyond the Waste Land*. I have not for a long time been so deeply impressed by a book in the policy sciences. It offers a novel and convincing reinterpretation of recent economic history—particularly of our economic doldrums, which the authors date from the late 1960s. It provides a sharp and well-documented critique of today's main economic "isms" and a set of proposals for a democratic restructuring of the economy, which in their detail and comprehensiveness demand serious attention. Finally, *Beyond the Waste Land* also contains a rudimentary theory of human economic behavior which, at least in principle, corresponds to Thurow's desires. The authors call it democratic economics, a term I'll adopt in talking about their work generally.

The starting point for their analysis is the familiar issue of declining U.S. productivity in relation to the rest of the world. For those who are exasperated by Hong Kongonomics, Japanomics and other species of lazy-worker-you're-living-beyond-your-means-onomics, they offer a different approach: productivity, they argue, rests not on narrow economic or technical foundations but on broad social bases. There has been a growing popular resistance to the social costs of our current methods of production—look at the broad constituency supporting environmental and safety legislation. Similarly, there has been a growing resistance in the workplace to the discipline enforced by what is perceived as an increasingly alien and external force—private management. Industry has responded by steadily increasing the number of supervisory personnel (who now constitute 15 percent of all private sector employees and over 30 percent of manufacturing employees), thus adding massive overheads to production costs. Increasingly, the private economy cannot employ all those who want to work, or use the equipment it has, or use its capital, save in speculative ventures. Much of what is produced today is of low economic value, like advertising, or pure waste, like much of the military budget, or chronically inefficient, like the health care system, the energy industry and the food distribution system. Destimulative economic policies, like Reagan's, only worsen many of those problems.

Bowles, Gordon and Weisskopf offer both a social model of productivity and a technical demonstration that broader social forces are at the root of our economy's problems—so much so that it functions only at about two thirds the efficiency of which it is readily capable. Their argument will make sense to anyone who remembers World War II. During the war, about one fifth of the labor force went into the armed services and was entirely replaced by people lacking industrial experience, largely women and minorities, who proceeded to feed, clothe and arm the Allied nations while dramatically raising their own standard of living. To the objection, "That was wartime; people were motivated to produce and produce and produce," the answer is, "Exactly so!" Social factors are a major determinant of economic performance. The cure for our economic problems is a vastly more democratic economy. At a deeper level, democratic economics argues that the behavior of a critical mass of Americans is already at variance with an economy that emphasizes profit-led growth, a market-based allocation of resources and a big international military-economic stick; that is to say, with capitalism as it manifests itself in everyday economic life.

The authors propose restructuring the economy by a strategy of wage-led growth, a needs-based allocation of resources and cooperation for international economic security. Again, that expunged economic experience offers support for their views. In 1945 the conventional economic wisdom forecast a postwar slump. Instead, a new boom, the justly celebrated 1950s, was fueled by higher wage levels stemming from the prewar C.I.O. organizing drive and wartime prosperity. By contrast, when you cut wages to increase profits, as now, you may slow productivity growth. Wage levels can be so low that technological innovation becomes too expensive by comparison. Farm labor in California's fruit and vegetable industry provides an apt example of this.

Democratic economics proposes an Economic Bill of Rights as a counter to the present slump. It includes the right to economic security, to a democratic workplace, to a citizen-determined economic future and to a better social, not merely economic, way of life. In what is easily the most intellectually impressive part of the book, these four rights are translated into nearly threescore specific policy or institution-creating recommendations. They include a call for the nationalization of banks and the defense industries, though in general the

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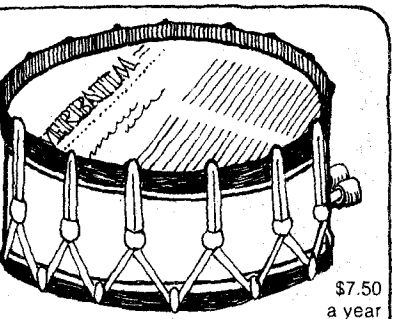

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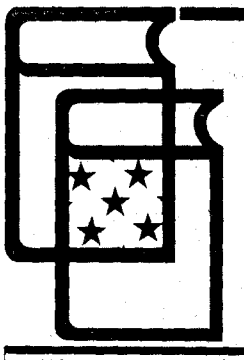

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authors are anti-statist. The differences between a needs-based allocation of resources and a market-based one are brought clearly into focus. Most professional economists claim to see no way of avoiding a market, i.e. price-based, allocation of resources in order to retain economic efficiency and some measure of consumer choice. Thus back to square one, the equilibrium price-auction model. But Bowles, Gordon and Weisskopf provide instances, such as I made use of above, in which local government, community, consumer, union and other democratically controlled groups have been structured to use economic resources efficiently to satisfy needs people have already shown they have.

The final leg of their strategy is a call for cooperation to insure international economic security, arguing that present-day economic strategies, both liberal and conservative, envision a return to U.S. economic as well as military dominance of the world. This is, unfortunately, the weakest part of the book; their counterproposals represent little more than decent sentiments, unlike their proposals for the internal restructuring of the economy.

The reader who pursues the immense detail of this book back to the footnotes cannot avoid noticing the host of other professionals and academics, largely unknown to the general public and the reigning intelligentsia, who have made essential contributions to the overall analysis. *Beyond the Waste Land* is an expression of the innovative and vital intellectual work now being done in the policy sciences by men and women who, like its authors, came through the New Left. The ancestry of democratic economics lies in vague slogans and nearly forgotten demonstrations for people's right to control their own lives. Those slogans disappeared for a few years, accompanied by sighs of relief from the various establishments, including the intellectual one. Here they return, supported not by the shouts and anger of students but by a high level of professional and technical expertise—not less passionate, but deeper, clearer, more disciplined, more compelling. The inner sanctum of the policy sciences, including economics, is being invaded by people whose first loyalty is not to theoretical consistency but to a humane and democratic society.

Pace Thurow, professional economists have been overwhelmingly committed to the doctrine of the divine right of things, of property and national security, of favorable climates of investment, stable currencies and international law and order. Democratic economics offers a fundamental and yet detailed challenge to all that, a challenge based on an extremely important political and moral idea. If we conceive of society as the ensemble of freely associated persons, democratic economics represents an attempt—and, I believe, a successful one—to assert the rights of society against the destructive claims of both property and the state. □

Lost Voices, Imaginary Cities

RONALD DE FEO

THAT VOICE. *By Robert Pinget. Translated by Barbara Wright. Red Dust Press (P.O. Box 630, New York, NY 10028). 114 pp. $10.95.*

BETWEEN FANTOINE AND AGAPA. *By Robert Pinget. Translated by Barbara Wright. Red Dust Press. 83 pp. $8.95.*

It is strange how imitation, assimilation and the passage of time can take the bite out of literary experiment. The so-called *nouveau roman* is now some thirty years old, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon and Michel Butor are part of French literary history, and the methods employed by the "new novelists"—extreme objectivity and precision; avoidance of psychological probing; repetition, with slight variations, of descriptions and narrative lines; concentration on objects and movements; fragmentation of time—now seem rather mannered and, in the light of today's wildly inventive and eclectic fiction, a bit old-fashioned and rigid. Though the new novelists deny that they have anything in common except a devotion to a particular type of literature, their works do tend to sound quite similar when considered together.

Of the leading practitioners of the *nouveau roman*, Robert Pinget has always been the least representative. Over the years, he has emerged as a very individual voice, a writer who has expanded and refined new techniques and who continues to experiment and grow. Although Pinget's work is as intellectually vigorous and demanding as that of his colleagues, it possesses an earthiness, intimacy and urgency that theirs often lacks. Set mostly in an imaginary domain comprised of the small city of Agapa and the provincial towns of Fantoine and Sirancy, Pinget's novels are as rooted to the earth as Faulkner's, while in their concerns and manner they are close to the work of Pinget's friend Samuel Beckett. Like Beckett, Pinget is intent upon rendering a questioning, solitary voice, one that is often vague, confused and even a bit mad, lost in a labyrinth of its own words. Pinget's narratives, like Beckett's, are free-associative and self-perpetuating, but whereas Beckett's narrators seem to be forever searching for a clarification of themselves and their positions, Pinget's repeatedly, hopelessly, try to arrive at some truths about past events, to retrieve those events from the obscurities of the past and to fix them once and for all.

Pinget studied law before becoming a professional writer, so it is not surprising that the central event in many of his novels is a crime of some sort and that the narrator often comes across as an investigator, though of a very cosmic variety. Violent deaths or, more accurately, possibly violent deaths—for doubt haunts these narratives—are explored in *Clope au dossier*, *The Inquisitory*, *The Libera Me Domine*, *Passacaglia* and the latest novel to appear in English, *That Voice*.

Like the brief and haunting *Fable*, Pinget's last novel to be published here, *That Voice* is composed of fragments; but in this book the fragmentation and jumbled chronology are so extreme that at first the reader feels lost. As he reads on, however, the pieces, the snatches of narrative voice, begin to fall into place. What emerges is not a story in any traditional sense, but rather a pattern of obsessional concerns and questions generated by Alexandre Mortin, a wealthy old man in a provincial town who has spent much of his time taking notes on trivial daily events and attempting to reconstruct his past. Using Mortin's absurd struggle as a foundation, Pinget ingeniously creates parallel difficulties: the narrative voice struggles to control the disorderly text and the reader must work to fit together recurrent phrases and images.

Ronald De Feo has written reviews and short stories for The New York Times Book Review, The New Republic, Hudson Review *and other magazines.*

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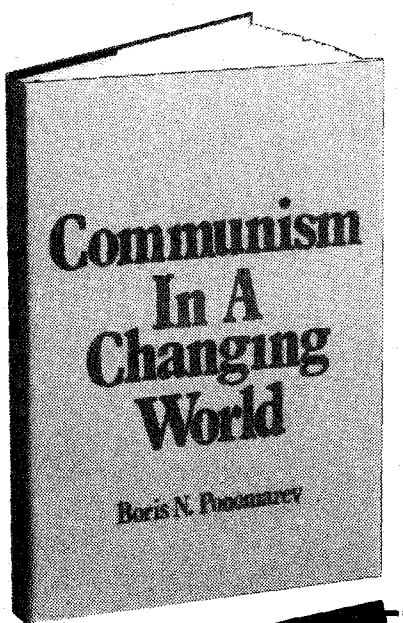
Matters are further complicated by Mortin's nephew Théodore, who, after the old man dies, pores over his chaotic papers. These contain, in addition to confused metaphysical speculations, supposedly startling revelations about certain townspeople. Théodore is determined to put them in order, "until the day when he realizes that he himself has become this juggler at the end of his tether, and that the story of this contorted, concocted, controversial manuscript is now well and truly his own, Mortin reincarnated in his nephew." What Pinget has fashioned is not merely a strange, fractured text about an old man, his papers and their effect, but an elaborate and brilliant meditation on memory and the attempt to establish a reality before it vanishes into nothingness, and on writing itself. The way in which facts and goals seem forever out of reach in *That Voice* recalls Maurice Blanchot's reflection on Beckett as establishing "the process by which the work of art, seeking its realization, constantly reverts to the point where it is confronted with failure."

With each new book Pinget refines his style further, and as a result his narratives have become increasingly abstract and difficult. *The Inquisitory* (1962), which is filled with typically precise *nouveau roman* descriptions of interiors, is almost traditional compared with *That Voice*, where we are not even certain who is speaking or if there is a central voice. At times we think we are hearing Mortin, at others his nephew, at still others an omniscient narrator who conveys snippets of town gossip and describes a host of contradictory events. The narrator gives several accounts of Mortin's death—from both natural and unnatural causes. But Pinget assures us in his brief preface that the voice is "the same from beginning to end, despite the diversity of tones"—which makes *That Voice* a particularly complex, dream-infused monologue. The reader may well hesitate to tackle such a seemingly vague and self-destructive narrative, which repeatedly undercuts all expectations. But if he accepts the challenge, he will find himself working with a remarkably suggestive text, whose unanswered questions point to larger questions that elude us all.

Published simultaneously with *That Voice* is Pinget's first book, *Between Fantoine and Agapa*, which appeared in French in 1951. Composed of brief surrealist sketches in which language is teased and poked fun at, and in which words and objects are removed from their usual contexts, the book recalls the playful verbal experiments of Raymond Roussel, Raymond Queneau, Henri Michaux and André Breton. It also reminds us that Pinget's early work was rather clownish. Still, we find in *Between Fantoine and Agapa* many concerns that are treated in a more somber and intricate manner in his later books. The presentation of fragmentary thoughts and actions in "Monsieur Maurice" suggests Pinget's mature style. The artist in "The Swan Café" who suspects the cashier of wrongdoing anticipates the questioning narrators of the novels to come. In "The Pumpkins," Pinget might be describing his obsessed narrators or addressing critics of his future work when he notes that "man is really the most pumpkin-headed. He can't write 'in the beginning' without being obsessed by 'at the end.'" In "The Casket," there is even what could easily be a notation for *That Voice*: "It would probably be difficult to describe—or rather to suggest—the impression made on us by the memory of the voice—



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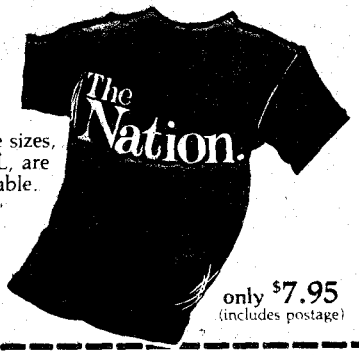

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or more exactly: of a certain tone of voice in certain forgotten circumstances—of a dead person."

Barbara Wright's translations of these difficult colloquial texts are superb, and Red Dust Press, which has published previous Pinget novels, continues to issue books that are beautifully designed and a pleasure to read. Some may dismiss Pinget as too obscure, but his difficulties bring rewards that are not to be had from more accessible and commonplace fiction. As the Pinget narrator struggles futilely to arrive at a truth, he reminds us of nothing less than the fleeting nature of reality and existence. □

Der Bingle's Secret Diaries

CHARLES S. KAUFMAN

London, 1962. On the set of United Artists' The Road to Hong Kong, *even Bing Crosby sensed that disaster was imminent. He placed his private diaries—nine volumes in all—in the hands of a trusted associate, who whisked them onto a secret flight to California. The notebooks were recently found hidden in the cliff near Pebble Beach's infamous eighteenth-hole fairway. Here are some notable passages from this shocking, soon-to-be-published literary discovery.*

Hollywood, 1933

Victory is at last in my grasp! Finally, the world must sit up and take notice of my crooning. The masses are like a young woman, eager to be seduced. I face them, open my mouth, sing softly and they are in my thrall. How exhilarating to stand at the head of a nation marching as one!

Hollywood, 1939

My film career advances unchecked. Today a producer introduced me to the young comic Hope, who has devised a technique of rapid one-line jokes. In this method, he is ruthless and effective. I admire such a man! We played a round of golf, during which a strategy to dominate the film industry emerged . . .

Singapore, 1939

Hope and I are successful beyond our wildest expectations. The Lamour woman has agreed to help us. Our strategy is deceptively simple: We appear to be two impoverished entertainers traveling to Singapore, who swear off women. Our real aims remain undetected. The people are with us, I am sure; the masses are like a young mistress who is devoted and faithful, yet fanatical in her fear of rejection.

Charles S. Kaufman, a screenwriter, is director of development at Carson's Film Company in Los Angeles.

Hollywood, 1940

How disappointed I am that none of my sons have chosen to become crooners. Perhaps they sense this; they seemed unusually listless during tonight's floggings.

Hollywood, 1943

Ah, the youth of this nation! Every day on the set of *Going My Way* I give thanks for these young people: our future, our lifeblood, our legacy. I don't trust Barry Fitzgerald. He seems intent on stealing every scene. I must conclude the mutual nonaggression pact with Pat O'Brien without delay.

Bali, 1952

Our campaign remains bogged down in this tropical backwater. Zanzibar, at least, had strategic metals; in Rio, the giant headdresses were something of a diversion. Here, amid the overriding atmosphere of futility, Hope keeps talking about the "tender underbelly" of Asia. His wisecracks are beginning to annoy me.

Hollywood, 1957

The newspapers are filled with scurrilous nonsense about my so-called "second family." Fortunately, I have taken precautions with my third family, which I house in an underground apartment in Santa Monica. For security reasons, even they are not aware of my identity; I have told them I am a shepherd to explain my long absences.

Pebble Beach, 1962

I remain in my bunker. I have been here for twenty-four strokes now, thanks to the bungling of my caddies. When I need a wedge, they suggest a seven-iron. When I need a driver, they give me a four. I will strangle the little midgets; I will strangle every cretin on the course. The people have turned against me. France is in the hands of Jerry Lewis. The masses are like a young mistress who leaves to buy a pack of cigarettes and returns four days later with her dress rumpled and a few lousy

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Pall Malls when you smoke only Lucky Strikes. Hope presses me on the Hong Kong matter, about which I have grave reservations . . .

Crosby's last entry proved to be prophetic. The Road to Hong Kong *was the last of the road pictures. He was often seen publicly in later years, most often in television Christmas specials. However, a growing number of experts question whether this "late Bing" was, in fact, an imposter.* □

BOOKENDS.

KATHA POLLITT

It looks as if the Theater Project Company of St. Louis will not lose its state funding as punishment for putting on Christopher Durang's *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You*, after all. Not content with having organized a boycott of the play, a savage satire of parochial school education and pre-Vatican II Catholicism, the archdiocese of St. Louis, joined by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the Anti-defamation League of B'nai B'rith, condemned *Sister Mary Ignatius* as "offensive to religion" and protested the Missouri Arts Council's support of the Theater Project Company, even though no state money actually went to produce the offending play. The State Legislature originally obliged the Archbishop and barred the funds, but last week it changed its mind and settled for a "letter of warning," directing the council not to make grants to groups that "discriminate against religious denominations."

The church's crusade against the play, which has been successful in preventing a staging in Florida, raises a whole salad of First Amendment issues, but the one that intrigues me most is the notion that criticizing a religious institution is "discriminating against religion," and that such "discrimination" should be beyond the pale. Why *shouldn't* a playwright who thinks parochial school education is mediocre and authoritarian (or, more precisely, was so in the 1950s) have his plays produced by theaters that receive public funds? From William Langland's *Piers Plowman* to John Osborne's *Luther*, anticlericalism has had a long and honorable history in literature—think of Voltaire, Blake, Shaw, Brecht. Should the government withhold funds

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from libraries that stock *Elmer Gantry* or *The Red and the Black* or the poems of Shelley? The Constitution requires that no one be discriminated against on grounds of religion. It doesn't require us to think that religious beliefs or institutions are good, beautiful or true. Still less does it require writers to portray religious figures only through a bland haze of ecumenical bonhomie.

Perhaps it's time for the government to renegotiate its relationship with organized religion. For it is a myth that we live in a society that separates church and state; we merely live in a society that favors all religions equally. The government exempts church buildings from real estate taxes and religious institutions from equal opportunity statutes: What a cry would go up from the nation's pulpits if the government demanded that women be permitted to become Catholic priests, Orthodox rabbis, Mormon elders! The government allows the faithful to take tax deductions for religious contributions, and turns a blind eye when the money is used for political causes—the battle to recriminalize abortion, for instance. It pays the salaries of thousands of chaplains. It pays police and sanitation costs for religious parades and festivals. It may even, if the church has its way, force atheists like me to subsidize the religious indoctrination of children through state aid to parochial schools. Which of these cozy deals, I wonder, would the organized religions of America be willing to forgo in order to establish a *real* separation of church and state?

Of course, it will never happen. In their hearts, our men of the cloth know that they have a good thing going in this supposedly secular society. The $12,000 that the Theater Project Company got from the Missouri Arts Council is a trifle compared with the billions churches would have to raise directly from their flocks were the government to withdraw its elaborate system of indirect financial aid. If, however, they truly feel that the occasional artistic tweak is too great a cross to bear, I'm sure some bargain can be worked out by which religion will give up its privileged status and the state will eschew any whiff of anticlericalism in its funding of the arts. Life under such a concordat would be a lot duller, but in some ways fairer—it would, in fact, resemble the traditional American family dinner, in which religion and politics are strictly off-limits. And in order to receive state funding, Christopher Durang's next play would have to go something like this:

Mrs. Smith: Father Brown! How nice of you to come! This is Reverend Brown, and here's Rabbi Brown. Would any of you care for a drink?
Father B.: Oh, no. I never touch alcohol.
Rev. B.: Me neither.
Rabbi B.: Me neither.
(Silence)
Mr. Smith: Nice weather we're having.
Father B.: Yes, indeed.
Rev. B.: Oh, yes.
Rabbi B.: It certainly is.
(Silence)
Mr. Smith: Sally and I were thinking of taking the kids to Washington this summer—
Mrs. Smith: Now, dear, you promised. No politics.
Mr. Smith: Oh, for heaven's sake!
Mrs. Smith: Darling! No religion!
Father B. (Silence)
Rev. B. (Silence)
Rabbi B. (Silence)
Mr. Smith (Silence)
Mrs. Smith (Silence)

CURTAIN □

WHERE WE COULD GO

Happy that this is another
Country, we're going to
Sit before coffees and croissants
On Rue de Lucerne
And watch the working fathers
Labor up the street,
A stiff loaf of bread
In each roughed up hand.
Some nod to us;
Others pass with the moist eyes
Of a strict wind.
This is France, daughter.
This is the autumn of calendars.
The sparrows are like
Those back home fighting
With the lawn,
Squealing and transparent
As their hunger.
They play at our feet,
Then climb to our knees
To hop like wind up toys,
Until they're on the table
That scratched with more
History than either of us—
Their beaks tap for crumbs.
But the waiter shoos them
With a dish towel.
This is a café for people,
Not birds, he says,
And so we leave because
We're like birds,
Transparent at love and deceit.
We hunger; we open our mouths . . .
We walk up the street, our shoes
Ringing against the stones,
To stare into a store window—
Clocks, coffee pots, an accordion
Longing for the sea.
But we're miles from the sea.
There are no boats or salt
Climbing our arms.
This is a country town,
And straw is what makes things
Go here—or so says our guide book.
And it says that there
Is a church, lit with gold
And rare paintings,
And we start off
Hand in hand, smiling
For no other reason than
Everything is new—
The stone buildings, straw
Whacked into bundles.
What's that? my daughter
Asks, and there's no greater
Pleasure than saying,
Beats me. Let's go see.

Gary Soto

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

Whatever it takes to make music danceable, George Gershwin (1898-1937) had it in spades. Most of his work has invited choreography; his songs, in particular, have compelled it. Movement seems to have been intrinsic to the man. Fred Astaire, in his autobiography, *Steps in Time*, has given us a cameo of Gershwin the hoofer inventing an exit step for Fred and Adele in the "Fascinating Rhythm" number of *Lady, Be Good!* Gershwin "would often jump up from the piano to demonstrate an idea for a step, or an extra twist to something I was already experimenting with. . . . I liked to watch him dance. . . . It made me laugh."

The music itself is athletic, full of aggressive statements, surprising tonal jumps, intensely physical accents. "If I were to compare his songs with [Jerome] Kern's, I'd say Gershwin's were active and Kern's passive," Alec Wilder wrote in *American Popular Song*. On Broadway, 1983 has turned out to be Gershwin's year: his music is being played and danced to all over the place.

One of the danciest things about Gershwin's music is its absolute command of

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a secure, periodic rhythm. In the production of *Porgy and Bess* at Radio City Music Hall this spring, the rhythm was pointed up by the staging as well as the choreography proper. Not one strawberry could be sold along Catfish Row before the peddler had tossed off a complete twirl. In fact, there were more steps for the singers than some choreographers assign dancers.

The choreographer here, George Faison (*The Wiz*), was given a lot of elbow-room; this *Porgy* reinstated traditional cuts throughout the work, including a dance scene in a bar at the beginning. However, the dance feeling of the opera was the result of a melding—the choreography and director Jack O'Brien's stage movement—which linked everyone in a stream of gesture and of emotion. In this world, the subtlest shift of weight, such as the disposition of a parcel, could touch off a chain reaction in the entire population, like the watermelon tossed from an attic that cued the show-stopping production number, "Oh, I Can't Sit Down." The effect was of a deeply rooted community whose essential nature is threatened not by the murderous Crown but by the opportunist Sportin' Life. Sportin' Life virtually demanded to be set apart from his environment; the fact that Faison didn't provide choreography that would do it was a telling weakness. When Sportin' Life courts Bess with "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York," a song of dangerous intimacy and exclusion, the insinuating melody leads you to imagine a seductive and delicate cakewalk, oily but light. Instead, Faison gave the character (performed by Larry Marshall) a high-flying flash act, full of big jumps and acrobatics, but devoid of Gershwin.

My One and Only, the "George Gershwin musical" at the St. James, contains many elaborate ideas about its music, but the spirit of the songs, drawn mostly from Gershwin's *Funny Face*, is absent. The nominal plot concerns a flier (Tommy Tune) who's in love with an English Channel swimmer (Twiggy). Tune has said that the flying and swimming are meant to be metaphors for dancing. There is a lot of tapping, choreographed by Tune and Thommie Walsh (they won a Tony for their work), but it's peculiarly distributed. There's a master of tap dancing in this show, Charles "Honi" Coles (another Tony winner); yet he doesn't get to dance until well into Act II. A line of six chorines, how-

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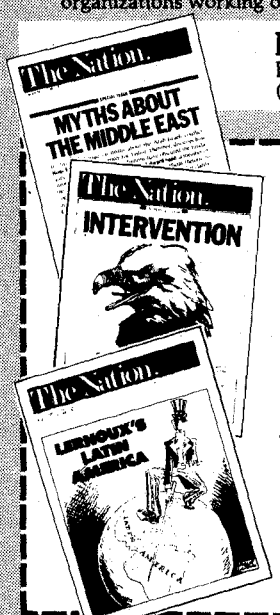

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LUMINARY

Then, suddenly, she was there—
shining hugely, just above the street,
like the answer risen from a question.
Poised at the horizon
between rows of houses with an air
of subjects at attention,
she settled all her weight
on a great, invisible throne.

For hours the traffic, like the one-
way tide of her desire,
was drawn into that signal stare.
Yet as she rose she shrank, and what
had seemed the dazzling crown
of a sun-descended sovereign
contracted to a pillbox hat
morning would pull down.

Retiring rather late that night,
though still a queen, she fit
into the grid of one windowpane
the size of a chessboard square.
And with room to spare—
enough to allow a pawn
among the advancing stars to share
the spot she rested on.

AMPHITHEATER WITH TREES

Hidden in woods, but not a secret
(the pagan and artistic set
nearby considers it enshrined),
an amphitheater, designed
seventy years ago for use
by the local Drama Club, has since
fallen into disrepair.
Cropping up as spectators,
each of these young, stone-splitting trees
pays heed in varying degrees:

a casual, snapped maple slouches
across four rows, while a stand of birches
rises in ovation and a spruce
lingers in rapt audience,
rooted by things yet to begin.
Onstage, a chorus in evergreen
silence, a *corps de ballet* well-cast
by seedings of the recent past,
awaits new orders in tableau.
Odd, isn't it? and still the show

seems ancient. Nobody needs to ask
what's lying behind the thicket's mask—
like a dream which, if no simple word
could describe its mystery, is less absurd
than it is a re-fashioned memory.
Once, you could as easily say,
there were people playing trees. In Rome,
standing in the abandoned Forum,
you might see a decimated forest,
puzzled as to which comes first.

Mary Jo Salter

ever, seems to be on stage at every opportunity, indecorously hopping and pumping their arms. Even when Coles *is* on, the purpose of his appearance is obscure. As a figure named Mr. Magix, he offers to teach Tune's character the delicacies of tap and, by implication, the delicacies of seduction. Coles demonstrates a virtuosity that must be seen to be believed: the quieter his body is, and the less space you can see between his feet and the floor, the more distinct the sound of his taps. The song is "My One and Only," the atmosphere is sweet and lowdown. Yet Tune seems to learn nothing from Mr. Magix. When he sets out to follow his teacher, his taps are raucous and high off the floor. Mr. Magix nods approvingly and, at the performance I attended, a claque in the orchestra initiated a demonstration of joy. It was one of those times in the theater I thought that either I'd gone blind or the universe had stood on its head. Another such moment occurred at the end of Act I, when Tune stirred up the crowd by planting himself center stage and singing "Strike Up the Band" as a dirge. It was the ultimate statement of the esthetic that could keep Honi Coles glued to a chair for an act and a half of a "dance" show.

The trials and tribulations of *My One and Only* prior to its Broadway opening have been discussed at length in the press. My guess is that the dancing we get reflects the diverse sensibilities that operated on the patient. An anxious trendiness vies with vestiges of a classic approach and glimpses of what must have once been an elaborate racial analogy for Gershwin's marriage of jazz and European music. This relationship is spelled out in the next to last number, "Kickin' the Clouds Away," in which the white chorines link up with black chorus boys in formal wear for a wedding number. Through the scenery, the black-and-white imagery is extended to suggest the black and white keys of a piano. The problem is that the central couple, Tune and Twiggy, are of the same cloth, both chic, thin and white—unless as a difference you count the fact that Tune looks at the audience as he dances while Twiggy looks at her feet. *My One and Only* may look coherent, but after a moment's thought it dissolves in a frenzy of mixed motives. If only they had let Honi Coles teach them how to dance to Gershwin! They might have rediscovered 'Sparadise.

Most of Gershwin's melodies will be

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forever identified with their lyrics, the most beautiful of which were written by George's droll brother, Ira. In *Who Cares?*, George Balanchine's 1970 Gershwin work for the New York City Ballet, you don't hear a word, and yet Ira is more vividly present than in most shows where his lyrics are voiced. Balanchine devised his own score of sixteen selections culled from *The Gershwin Songbook*, the composer's own bravura and chromatic arrangements for piano. The very ordering of the selections gives you a point of view about the music that is close to the composer's. *Who Cares?* opens where most Gershwin revues conclude, with the martial irony of "Strike Up the Band," and it works through the private sentiments of "The Man I Love" and "Liza" to end with "I Got Rhythm," the song from *Girl Crazy* that made Ethel Merman a sensation. The syntax of *Who Cares?* is that of classical ballet, but the syncopations, the unexpected accents, the sophisticated and often comical phrasing are pure jazz. It comes closer to an amalgam of black and white Gershwin than any other setting you're likely to see, and it achieves the synthesis because the choreographer listened to the music rather than to his ideas about the music's origins.

One also sees in the dancing the phrasing of the lyrics. In "The Man I Love," for example, performed at the New York City Ballet this spring by Patricia McBride and either Sean Lavery or Joseph Duell, the complicated partnering grips at the end throw you back to the absent lyrics. The emotional ambivalence that makes the words memorable hangs on the suggestion of a pause: "(breath) He'll build a little home/(breath) Just meant for two/(breath) From which I'll never roam," and so on. The man's hand catches the woman's weight as the breaths would catch the voice. Perched on one toe, the ballerina leans away from the partner whose hand she grasps for support. You feel the dramatic tension through the sense of an isometric tug, and the words come pouring into your mind. How far off center can she go, you wonder, before she reaches the point of breaking off the partnership? And you can hear, under the Prince Charming scenario at the literal level of the verse, the silence of bollixed dreams. Its gaudy new Ben Benson outfits notwithstanding, *Who Cares?* in its half hour is more embraceable, and comely, than all of *My One and Only*. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

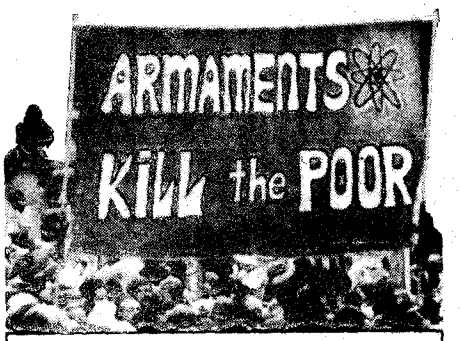
Fanny and Alexander
They Don't Wear Black Tie
The Salamander

Fanny and Alexander, Ingmar Bergman declares, is his final picture, and the temptation is to call it his *Tempest*. He has placed a theater at the center of the screen and reminds us that within "this wooden O," invention can give shape to the chaos of our existence. Like Shakespeare, Bergman bids farewell with a romantic tale that fairly shouts its affirmation of life, an affirmation that acknowledges pain, cruelty and the terror of mortality, but drives back that darkness with a blaze of vitality. It smiles at its characters' follies but cherishes their valor, and in their behalf it employs magic with the casual authority of Prospero himself.

The children of the title belong to the Ekdahl family, presided over by their grandmother, Helena Ekdahl. Fanny is a solemn little girl of 8, whose principal characteristic is a protective devotion to her brother, Alexander, age 10. He is the sort of boy whom one discovers crouching in a corner or beneath some large piece of furniture, peering out at his surroundings in undefined alarm. Alexander's imagination, so vivid as to constitute almost a sixth sense, has earned him a reputation for lying. The film's brushes with the supernatural are associated with him.

The Ekdahls are the leading family of their prosperous provincial town and the proprietors of its theater, built when Helena, a young actress of national reputation, married into the family. She managed it successfully for many years, but when she was widowed, she turned it over to Fanny and Alexander's parents—Oscar, her eldest son, and his wife, Emilie, its current star. Oscar is a poor actor but an astute manager, and the theater prospers.

He has two brothers. Gustav, who runs a restaurant on the theater premises, is a handsome, high-spirited man with a weakness for young women. His present interest is the rosy nursemaid, whom he tumbles exuberantly, to the indulgent amusement of his wife and mother. Carl is a professor and looks the part, but he is crippled by timidity



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29 minutes 1983 Rental: $50 Purchase: $495

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A film by Robert Richter for the Maryknolls

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and self-pity. He drinks and berates his wife.

Helena watches over this clan with a solicitude tempered by experience. Her closest friend and confidant is Isak Jacobi, a wealthy Jewish antique dealer who was once her lover. He is a cultivated man of exquisite manners, capable, when the occasion arises, of resolute action.

We learn much of the family history during the Ekdahls' Christmas party, which opens the movie. It is a festivity of unselfconscious opulence, such as was still possible in 1907: splendid rooms turned golden by candlelight, innumerable servants in crisp uniforms mingling with the feasting and dancing guests. However, at moments the innocence parts like a curtain, to reveal discordant scenes that foreshadow the year to come.

I won't disclose the plot. The story ebbs and flows like the seasons that pass across the screen. It contains death and birth, terror, hope and triumph. It is infectiously comic and repellently brutal. Bergman shows men and women at their worst and at their best; he has mercy for wickedness, compassion for weakness, and he rejoices in virtue. His understanding is keen, but he leaves room for mystery. *Fanny and Alexander* is an earthy tale of fabulous beauty.

The cast is drawn from the aristocracy of the Swedish stage and screen. I can mention only a few of the players: Gunn Wallgren (Helena), Alan Edwall (Oscar), Eva Froling (Emilie), Jarl Kulle (Gustav), Erland Josephson (Isak Jacobi). Bishop Edvard Vergérus, a man of intolerable piety and pride who almost destroys Emilie, is portrayed by Jan Malmsjo; his tattling and neurotic kitchen maid by Harriet Andersson. Alexander is played by Bertil Guve; Fanny by Pernilla Allwin. Under Bergman's direction this cast works with an ease and homogeneity of style that one rarely encounters except in a great repertory company.

It is a comment on the state of society in Latin America that we analyze every film from that region for its overt, or covert, political message. Leon Hirszman's *They Don't Wear Black Tie*, set in São Paulo, is a statement on how far Brazil has recovered its former democratic institutions. There is still, one judges, a long way to go. But Hirszman, who wrote the screenplay with Gianfrancesco Guarnieri, is not only politically engaged but also dramatically sophisticated. He has created a domestic tragedy within the larger framework of industrial violence.

Otavio (played by Guarnieri) is a working-class union leader who has spent time in jail for his organizing activities. His son, Tiao (Carlos Albert Ricelli), works in the same factory. He is a competent young man, strongly opinionated, somewhat resentful of his father's jovial rule over the family.

A strike is brewing, stirred up by firebrands who will not heed the warning of Otavio and his colleagues that the time is not ripe. Meanwhile, Tiao's sweetheart tells him she is pregnant and they immediately announce their intent to marry. Preparations for the wedding and for the strike proceed rapidly, and it soon becomes obvious that the latter will fail. Tiao will not jeopardize his job for what he sees as a futile gesture; he will not honor his father's demand for loyalty to the cause, however lost. The strike is brutally crushed; Tiao is bitterly rejected by his beloved and is turned out of his home.

Black Tie handles the classic father-son antagonism with evenhanded sympathy, and its account of the strike, told from the viewpoint of workers in strife with one another, makes unusually vivid the pain that industrial warfare can inflict on resolute men and women. There is not a stock character in the film; the acting is brilliant.

Peter Zinner's *The Salamander* is a melodrama about an attempted fascist coup in present-day Italy. The script was written by Robert Katz from a novel by Morris West, and the cast glitters with the presences of, among others, Anthony Quinn, Cleavon Little, Claudia Cardinale and Eli Wallach.

But Zinner, an experienced film editor, is here directing his first picture, and he has not hit on the trick of making a thriller fast and furious without letting it become absurd. The settings (Rome, Milan, Venice, Switzerland) are glamorous; the characters are rich, powerful and elegantly dressed; the stakes are very high. However, the plot is as opaque as it is devious, and the actors look baffled by their implausible assignments. □

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1968

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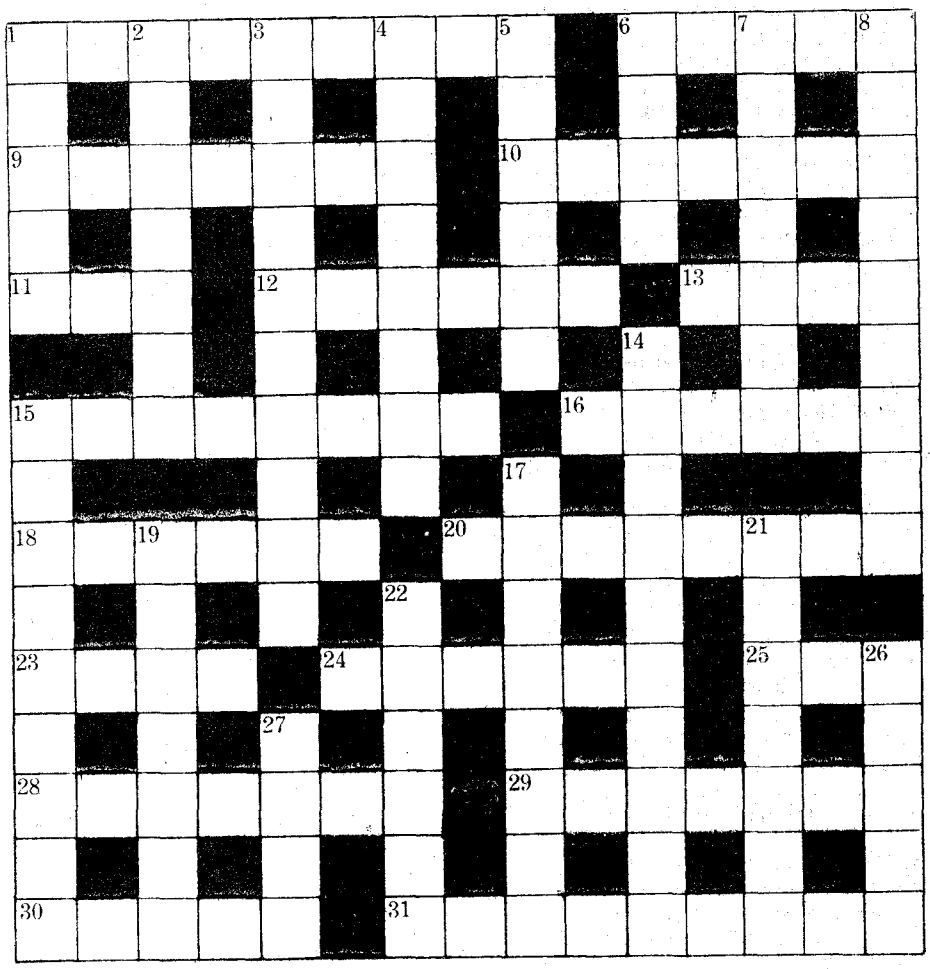

ACROSS

1 An excellent beginning to what Jack Ketch's customers were, when swapped. (9)
6 These could be made into a rope, as the sailors might say.(5)
9 Reproduces without copyright such as Bluebeard. (7)
10 The group takes time for dressing, perhaps. (7)
11 An indication of agreement at the start of the year. (3)
12 Not exactly an upright style for a person of letters. (6)
13 She certainly doesn't have a straightforward goal. (4)
15 You'll find the city and you and me in the heavens. (8)
16 Dates might be matched for fighting. (6)
18 See 8 down
20, 25, and 2 down Quite the reverse of 22, with the mongrel getting up at, and down in, the last word in stage performance. (4,4,3,7)
23 A single beverage, or one of a pair? (4)
24 Does such a group often gather round? (6)
25 See 20
28 Your old clock might be on the bed, possibly. (7)
29 Claim to have most of the catty sound left. (7)
30 Doesn't show itself to be good for making shoes. (5)
31 Dinner music? Quite the other way around, bit by bit. (9)

DOWN

1 My pet, the trouble with such a thing is that there's nothing in it! (5)
2 See 20 across
3 Explains the cause of words describing a quality. (10)
4 One hopes no one ever has to wear them, since what one puts in the car covers the odor. (3,5)
5 Got a hitch when they went to Dover, according to the oldie. (6)
6 Go down in the kitchen, possibly. (4)
7 It might show the standing of the Apostle Paul, et al. (7)
8 and 18 across Those who took a bite here had to run, evidently. (3,6,2,4)
14 Not the Lonesome Pine, but 5 might have been connected with it. (10)
15 It might have led to a bang-up performance in the old days, but it's rather dull as a wrestling exhibition. (4,5)
17 How to make "epi" good at Thanksgiving. (5,3)
19 Ten prepared tea in such a way, as the Eve of 8-18 was. (7)
21 The reverse of what deb might do, as a result. (7)
22 Call part of those bearing upon it. (4,2)
26 Talk about good qualities! Sounds like the ring that once was! (5)
27 Teases children, commonly. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

X-523

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